THE BYSTANDER Vol. CII.—No. 1325 MAY 8, 1929 Registered as a Newspaper

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STORY BY MICHAEL ARLEN

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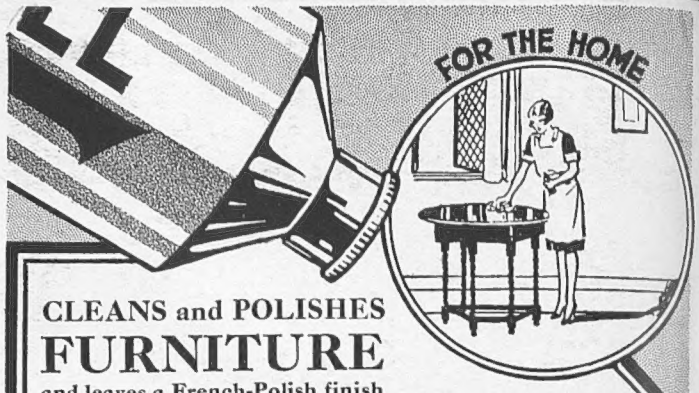

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NOTE: Clemence Dane writes on the Society's chosen books each month in "THE BYSTANDER."

Write a post card to the Secretary at the address below and you will receive by return, free of charge, a booklet explaining all about the Book Society. No obligation, of course!

THE BOOK SOCIETY, 38, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.

The Bystander, May 8, 1929 No. 1325 Vol. CII.

The BYSTANDER

BYSTANDER *Exclusive Colour Photograph* *Raphael*

MRS. ENA DELAHAYE

The beautiful Russian wife of Lt.-Col. Delahaye, D.S.O., R.A., formerly English Military Attaché in the Baltic States, and recently on the General Staff at the War Office. She was painted by the Hon. John Collier, R.A., and the picture created a great deal of attention in 1927. She has recently been making a name for herself on the films, and will shortly be seen in two British productions, "Paradise," and "The Celestial City"

Jack bought a box of Rowntree's YORK Chocolates

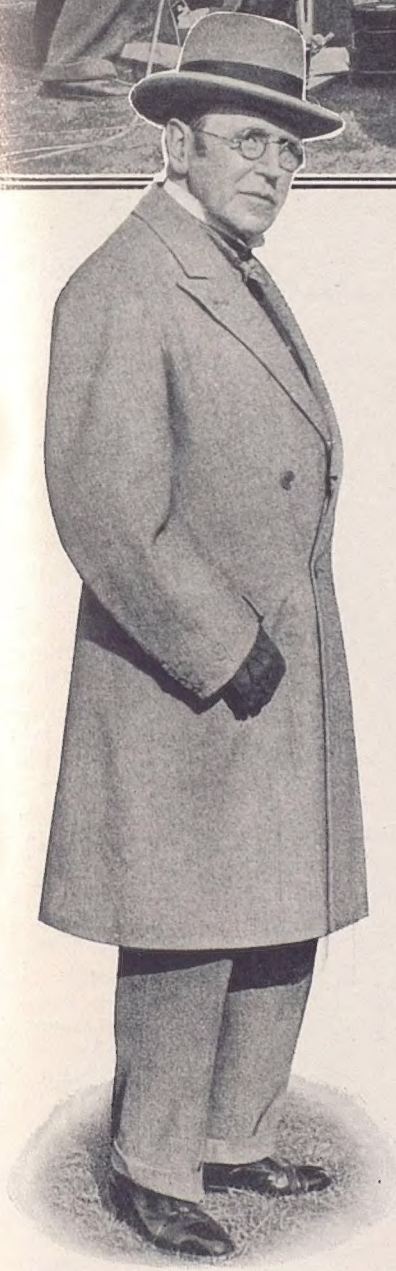
Mary came in !!!

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons, ½-lb. 2/-, ¼-lb. 1/-.

L.N.A.

THE NEW POLITICAL WEAPON

The Prime Minister making a special talking film for the General Election in the garden of his residence in Downing Street. It is estimated that over thirty million persons will be able to obtain a sight and hear the voice of Mr. Baldwin before Polling Day on May 30



Sport and General

SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

Whose six exhibits in the Royal Academy Show include a striking animal study. This year's Academy is generally pronounced to be as dull as before—if not duller

The Passing Hour

Mr. Birley's Portrait of the King

THE Academy is with us once again. Once again the hydrangeas and Dorothy Perkins appeared on the staircase of Burlington House to greet the top-hatted tide that flowed to the Private View. By now that popular annual game of picking what is known as the Picture of the Year has been played to its decision. For myself, there is only one picture, in an Academy that will inevitably be stigmatised for its mediocrity, that soars far and away above the rest; that is Mr. Richard Sickert's picture of Sir Nigel Playfair in the part of Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Its spontaneity and freedom, its smack of imaginative power, are the work of a great artist.

I heard two clergymen criticise it "as an insult and a daub." I respectfully suggest that Mr. Sickert's work has developed beyond the range of their artistic appreciation. Luckily there is sufficient of a parochial nature in this exhibition to please them. One of the best portraits of His Majesty that have yet been painted hangs in the position of honour. Mr. Oswald Birley has painted the King in morning clothes, a Guards' tie disappearing into a light, double-breasted fawn waistcoat—His Majesty never forsakes this fashion—and it might well be called "The King at Home." It has a repose and a dignity, and withal the King's kindliness of expression, that reveal the painter's sincere appreciation of His Majesty's character.

No Startling Orpens

THE Queen has been painted this year by Mr. L. Campbell Taylor, an Associate Academician. She is sitting in her favourite boudoir at Buckingham Palace, a background of blue against the gold lace and magenta of her frock. It is rather a pallid picture, and though it secures the impression of her innate dignity it misses that alertness that one observes in her face. The other Royal portrait is of the Duke of York in full dress Naval uniform, by Meredith Frampton, one of those portraits that one feels might just as well have been done, and perhaps better done, by the photographer. Sir William Orpen has contented himself with a few conventional portraits that bear little of his usual flash and imagination; there is the usual series of Munnings' race-horses, but Sir John Lavery

makes a startling recovery from some years of rather tepid work in "Schooling the Pony," a Munnings' subject, but treated with more movement. I find I have left myself no space to talk of the Private View, but then the Academy Private View changes so little it seems merely idle repetition of last year's event to repeat it! Be sure the Prime Minister, closely followed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was one of the earliest arrivals.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT

Lieutenant P. G. M. Skene, O.B.E., who was appointed Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews for the year, seen at the Spring Meeting. With him is his daughter, who is also a keen golfer

HAGEN'S MEN LEAVE

Topical

Archie Compston driving off from the ninth tee in his match against Sarazen, whom he beat 6 and 4 in the Singles of the Ryder Cup at Moortown. Although Britain lost the Foursomes they played so well in the Singles that their American opponents were overwhelmed and the Ryder Cup came to England

The Battle of the Presses

How many know the identity of the editors of London's great newspapers; how many, indeed, could even name the editor of *The Times?* For the majority, the editorial chair is shrouded in traditional—and necessary—anonymity. Occasionally, however, individuality breaks through the impersonality of the printed page and there is revealed the hand without whose guidance the almighty presses would remain inert. For those who happen to see the two London dailies, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail*, there is much diversion to be had now in observing their great race for circulation, and the clarion cry from Shoe Lane that, without the adventitious aid of money competitions to which Northcliffe House has resorted to give its readers the chance of winning a considerable prize for the right election forecast, the *Daily Express* has now the largest circulation in the world. Our purpose, however, is not to afford gratuitous advertisement to these two newspapers, but to speak of the man who has directed the *Daily Express* from those far-off days when the late Sir Arthur Pearson launched this paper to attack and overtake the supremacy of Lord Northcliffe's journal.

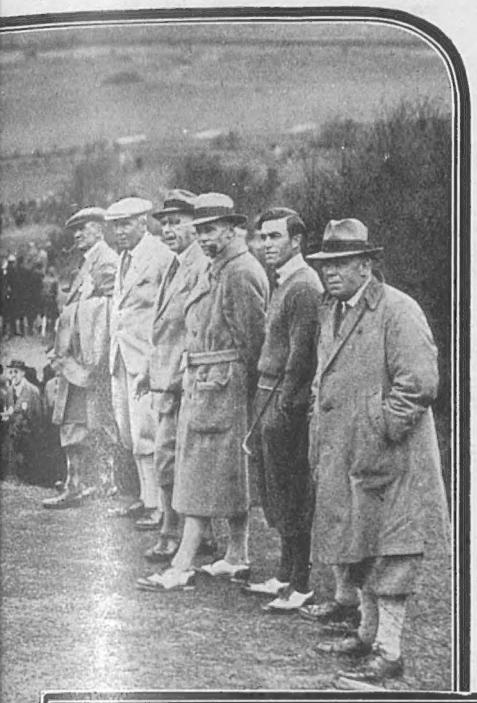
J. C. F. Simpson, who recently won the Open Rackets Championship of Great Britain. He beat Read in the final round of the Championship which was contested at Queen's Club

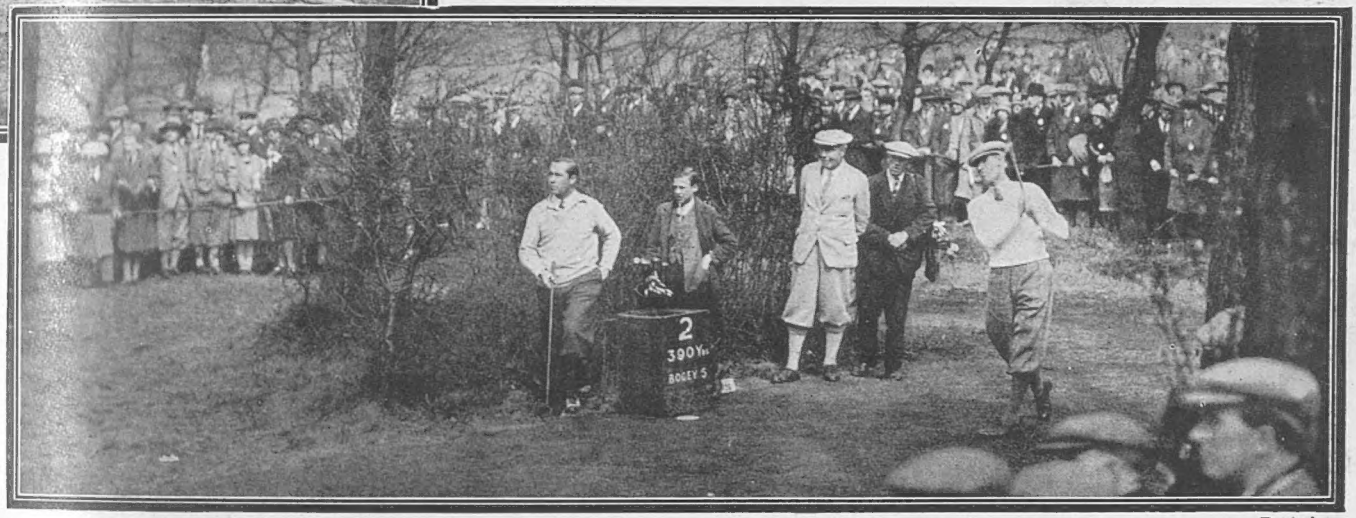
This is Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, whose picture on a subsequent page we add to our portrait gallery of celebrities.

"R. D. B."

It is said in the turbulent byways of "The Street," where men come and men go but the machines survive them always, that the tribute of its affection is a nickname. Mr. Blumenfeld has a nickname that is as familiar amongst the journalists of London as of New York—"R. D. B." It was to "R. D. B." that Lord Balfour, then Prime Minister, offered one of the distinctions of the Honours List — how many times since succeeding Prime Ministers have extended the same invitation I may not say —but Mr. Blumenfeld metaphorically shook his head. If the Conservative Party felt any gratitude for his services they might consider his election to the Carlton Club. And he is, I believe, the only journalist who has

THE RYDER CUP BEHIND





Topical

George Duncan, who captained the British team in the Ryder Cup contest at Moortown this year, driving off from the second tee in his match against the American captain, Walter Hagen, seen on the left of the tee box. Duncan won a great victory, beating his opponent by 10 and 8

petual spring! But always with the guidance of "R. D. B." at its side, calling upon his great capacity of decision and judgment—hard enough in personal affairs and a hundredfold more so in public matters—helped by his humour and his kindness. His hobbies, I would say, are: Puns, Elizabethan furniture, and his grandchildren.

The Chase for Charity

Now is the time for all good men—and women—to come to the aid of charity. My desk is piled high with the publicity for forthcoming dances, dinners, and receptions to catch the public purse, and to indulge their plea for advertisement would occupy an entire issue. So one can only extend the prize of print to those who achieve originality in their appeal, such as the present scheme of exhibitions which Lady Howard de Walden has copied to help Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital; and I must admit that the arrival of an apparently personal letter from Lady Birkenhead momentarily, but sufficiently, disarmed my suspicious eyes. Lady Birkenhead is giving value for money, for she has collected Elizabeth Schumann and Maria Olczewska, Mark Hambourg, Harriet Cohen, and Sybil Thorndike (though I trust Miss Thorndike is not going to sing) to open their throats and their pianos at Grosvenor House on the 16th in aid of General Lying-in Hospital. I may be in Paris—my left arm is tingling now from the necessity of re-vaccination—after the inaugural run of the new "Golden Arrow," but I will see to it that there is some report of how the superb Schumann sang.

An Echo of "The Mate"

I SPENT one afternoon last week passing through a rapid succes-

ever become a member. Born in Wisconsin in 1864, his father owned a small newspaper, and it was from the printers he learnt his alphabet. Becoming a reporter in Kansas City, and then New York to Mr. Gordon Bennett's *New York Herald*, he was sent to Europe; Europe became London, and London the *Daily Mail*, which he joined in 1900, while in 1904 Sir Arthur Pearson invited him to Shoe Lane and editorial direction of the *Daily Express*. The paper succeeded, and the ideas he had gained in America bore fruit in London. Then came the War, and after it a time when anything might have happened at No. 8, Shoe Lane, but catastrophe was averted by the financial impetus of Lord Beaverbrook. Once again the paper sprang forward, and one might say it now lives in the atmosphere of a per-

Members of the South African Test Team photographed whilst watching a cine-kodak film of their first practice match. Although it is early days as yet to get a real idea of their ability, the present opinion of the side is that they are inclined to caution

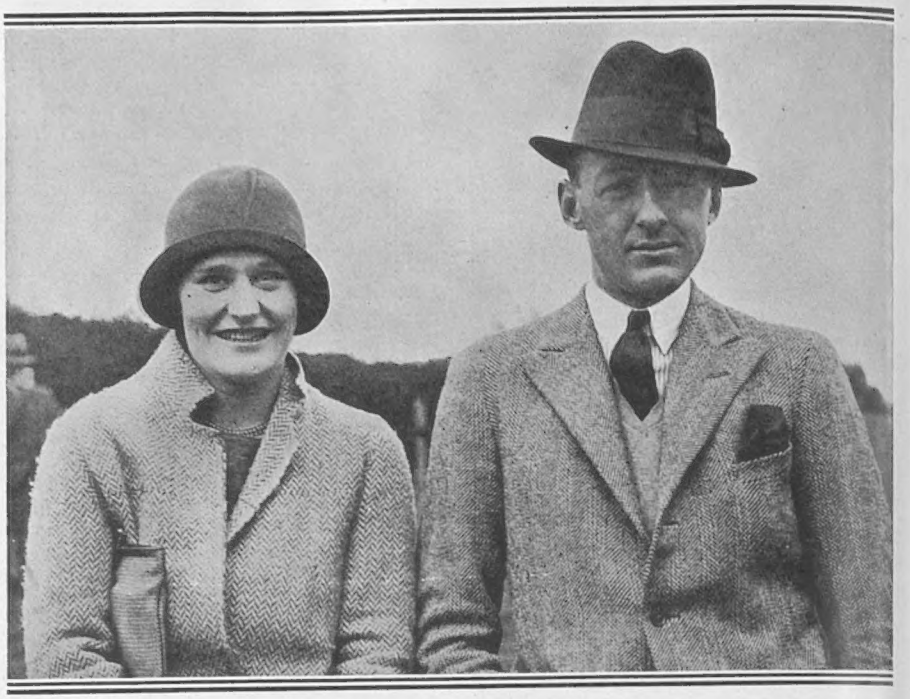
ART IN PASTEL

MISS MARJORIE COTTELL *Lenare*

Whose engagement to Capt. Thurston Sweeny, R.E., has been announced

MISS MURIEL RIDER *Raphael*

Whose engagement to Mr. W. T. Elverston has been announced



A RACING ROMANCE *News Illus.*

Miss Betty Mann-Thomson and Mr. Monty Rayson, to whom she recently became engaged. Both are well known in the hunting field and at point-to-points, Mr. Rayson being a very successful rider over the sticks

sion of various exhibitions, starting off with a private view of some attractive pastel portraits by Miss Corise Soames, who is holding a show at 63, Chester Square, this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Her work has much of the swift and easy characterisation of Miss Olive Snell, and she works at surprising speed, which should please restless American sitters when she goes to New York later in the year. Two of her best likenesses are of her cousin, Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley, Lord Wharncliffe's small daughter, and of Mrs. Roger Bridgeman, whose father is the Hon. Sir Richard Stuart-Wortley, and her husband has the responsibilities of being Deputy-Governor of Wandsworth Prison. Miss Soames, incidentally, is the granddaughter of that most famous and distinguished sportsman, Sir John Astley, who was always known as "the Mate," and it must be from Sir John's mother, who was a keen amateur painter, that Miss Soames inherits her talent.

THE C

The Old Times Coach passing through Sheen on the first run of the S original coach which, in the 'Eighties, was driven by the late James The Old Times, which was recently renovat

The Art of the Silversmith

FROM Chester Square I hurried to Seagrave House, only being slightly delayed by a couple of confidence tricksters in Belgrave Square, who wanted the price of a night's lodging because they had obtained work for the following day but had no money to return for the night to their home at Watford. I happened to have been bitten once like this two years ago, and only pressure of time prevented me invoking the

AN EGYPTIAN RECEPTION

A RECENT WEDDING *Lenare*

Captain Alexander M. B. Norman, of the Gordon Highlanders, and his bride, Miss Sheila Maud Maxwell, whose wedding took place last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mrs. Norman is the daughter of Lt.-Colonel Alexander Gordon Maxwell, of His Majesty's Bodyguard, and of Mrs. Maxwell

Sport and General

OMES BACK

runs from the Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly to Windsor, and is the Brighton and back, a distance of 108 miles, in 7 hours 50 minutes. proved, is now owned by Capt. Bertram Mills

police, but I pass the warning on. As Lady Howard de Walden, who has lent her drawing-room and ball-room for this cause, said, this exhibition of old silver will principally appeal to the expert. For the amateur it is a little dull compared with its predecessor at Sir Philip Sassoon's house and that of old English furniture at Lansdowne House. Let me confess that my eye wandered to personalities rather than the impersonal arrangement of the plate made by our historic master silversmiths of past generations. Alas! that the art and the demand for it seems lost, for the modern work exhibited was but a poor imitation of previous magnificence. Rich men no longer give their patronage to craftsmen, they prefer the cinema. This century will never produce a Cellini.

Cairo in London

ONE of the first of the Political Receptions of the Season was given last Thursday at the Royal Egyptian Legation by the Egyptian Chargé d'Affaires, Sesostris Sidarousa Bey, a charming and cultured man behind that somewhat formidable name — formidable, at least, for English ears. The reception was in honour of the Foreign Minister, His Excellency Dr. Hafez Affi Bey, and even the large rooms at Bute House in South Audley Street, were hardly sufficient to accommodate the pleasant crush of diplomats, politicians, soldiers and Society. I saw Lord Allenby, who looked extremely fit and well; Mrs.

MISS JOYCE PHIPPS *Harrington*

Who is to marry Mr. Reginald Grenfell. She is a niece of Lady Astor

MISS JOYCE RADCLIFFE *Raphael*

Who is to marry Mr. J. R. Paxman, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on June 1

ARTISTS ALL—MUSIC, PASTEL AND ACTING

Lassalle

MARIE CARTWRIGHT

Who gave a very successful song recital at the Æolian Hall on Monday last. She was accompanied at the piano by Ivor Newton

Wilfrid Ashley, a lovely figure in flowered chiffon; the Duchess of Rutland, in a gold and blue evening toque; Mrs. Philip Snowden, who appears even more a Conservative than a Socialist at these evening parties; Sir Harry Brittain, irrepressibly jovial as ever, and his wife, surmounted—and I thought a trifle precariously—by a tiara, so little seen nowadays. I went on later to discuss the political morality of Safeguarding at the Berkeley, considerably leavened by my first taste of strawberries and cream!

The Rejected Picture

I LOOKED in recently at the Leicester Galleries to inspect Mrs. Dod Procter's rejected Academy picture, "Virginal." I believe it will be one of those that time will regard as the work of a master, though personally I am not entirely reconciled to her luminous treatment of flesh that gives the impression of mother of pearl. What people are mostly interested in is not the picture's merits, but why the Academy rejected it; and I can only think that it is Mrs. Procter's scrupulous adherence to a somewhat inartistic realism of detail that disturbed the Academy Selection Committee. Also the look in the girl's eyes verges on the suggestion of the *Folies Bergères* rather than a *bergère virginale!*

Miss Daphne Du Maurier is the author of THE BYSTANDER *Short Story which will appear in next week's issue, and which is illustrated by Stephen Spurrier, R.I. Miss du Maurier, as our readers will realise, has inherited the genius of her grandfather, George du Maurier, and, in our opinion, in "Now to God the Father" reveals herself as a writer and stylist of the front rank*

A New Club

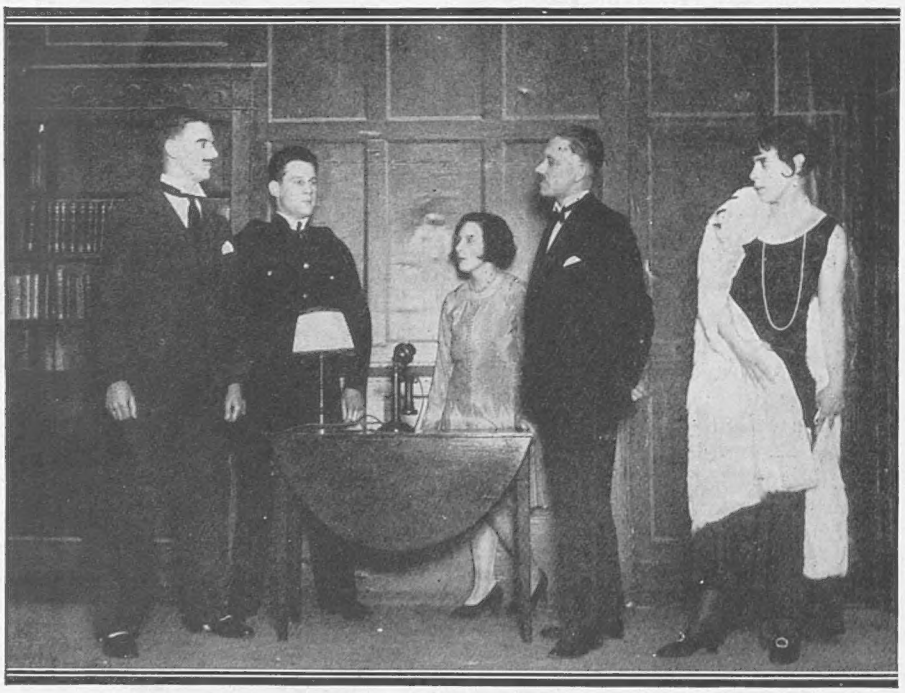
GLANCING down the preliminary list of members of the new International Sportsmen's Club, which opens shortly at Grosvenor House, I notice a large percentage of Americans from New York clubs like the Knickerbocker, the Racquet, wherein no Jew may ever step, the Detroit Club, Detroit, the Santa Barbara at California, the Racquet at Boston. Malicious rumour declared that the Club's opening was to be delayed owing to an insistence that all the flat dwellers in this prison-like building, which Sir Edwin Lutyens designed and is so terrible a commentary on modern architecture and so incompatible a companion for the beauty of Hyde Park, should become honorary members. The hitch, I am told, was most speedily overcome, and the Club, with its prodigious list of international members, should be one of the best advertisements for the "Come to Britain" movement.

THE BYSTANDER.

Marian Lewis

MISS CORISE SOAMES

An exhibition of whose pastel work opens tomorrow at 63, Chester Square. She is the granddaughter of that famous sportsman, the late Sir John Astley



WITH THE AMATEURS

A scene from Walter Hackett's delightful comedy, "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," recently presented by the Rowntree Players at the Rowntree Theatre. The group comprises Mr. N. Walker (left), Mr. P. Warren, Miss Roberts, Mr. W. G. Shepherd and Miss P. Thomas

A TOP NOTE at COVENT GARDEN

MME. GITTA ALPAR

The young Hungarian opera star, whose lovely coloratura-soprano voice and great beauty won all hearts when she appeared for the first time in this country in Der Rosenkavalier at Covent Garden. Mme. Alpár gave conclusive proof that it is possible for a star of Grand Opera to be every bit as charming and attractive as her sisters of musical comedy

PRESENT-DAY CELEBRITIES AT HOME

BYSTANDER *Copyright* *Special Portrait by Howard Coster*

MR. R. D. BLUMENFELD

The Editor of the "Daily Express," one of the greatest political influences to-day in the newspaper world. Mr. Blumenfeld, who was born and served his journalistic apprenticeship in America, has edited the "Daily Express" for a quarter of a century

THE COURTS

By ROSEMARY

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

TO-MORROW and to-morrow . . . before the long glass the debutante adjusts the feathers once again, pulls the train a little, and turns half sideways to see how it falls . . . two steps to the right, the left foot back, she sinks down on the left knee. It is for the last time—to-morrow the curtsy will be made in the Throne Room. And she is *Out*.

ONLY one curtsy this year, as the Queen will be holding the Courts alone. It is the first time since he has been King that His Majesty has not been present, and though the Prince of Wales will be beside the Throne during the ceremony he is in no sense a deputy for his father. A deputy for the Sovereign was not unknown, however, under Queen Victoria. Towards the end of her reign she often found the fatigue of a Drawing Room (for they were afternoon affairs then) too much, and would leave the Princess of Wales to take her place. This enabled a good many debutantes of the day to talk in after years of their presentation to Queen Alexandra, and so put to confusion the more exact historians who were beginning to take two hands to tot up the birthdays over forty on their fingers.

IT will none the less be as brilliant an occasion as ever. There has been much comment this year on the small amount of jewellery that has been worn. Even the opening night of the Opera was comparatively jewelless, though it made up in splendour by the beauty of furs, though Princess Mary in ermine wore a diamond circlet. But the Courts provide an opportunity for the display of costly jewels such as no other social event warrants.

IN that unique atmosphere of pageantry they are so perfectly in keeping that they are hardly remarked. The formal headdress of the tiara is no longer a fabulous monster in that regal Fairyland. It is expected; it excites no more comment and hardly more admiration in the general blaze of light and colour than does a string of the family precious stones, so carefully locked away in bank and safe at all other times of the

"The Queen will be holding the Courts alone"

year, and worn this once in the place of modern beads and imitation pearls.

AND dresses are to be more colourful this year. A sign of the times, say the cynics. The virginal white of the Victorian deb. is losing favour. Pastel shades are more becoming to many. Though the fashion for white is never likely to go out entirely, for it is particularly helpful to a complexion that has left the schoolgirl behind, and as a background for jewellery leaves any colour at the post.

THE social rank and the standard of good looks among the debutantes themselves this year promise an exceptionally brilliant Court besides. The niece of the Duchess of York, the Hon. Elizabeth Elphinstone, will be a debutante in the Royal circles; and there are Lady Londonderry's two daughters, Lady Helen and Lady Margaret Stewart. Their coming-out dance will be a particularly important function, as it is to take the place of the usual Derby night ball that has always been the privilege of the Derbys themselves to give.

IT was another Lady Helen Stewart whose husband, Lord Ilchester, was so much in love that he absentmindedly left in a hansom cab the ten magnificent brooches he had bought for her bridesmaids! They were fortunately recovered—the cabby had untied the parcel, but taking the contents for so many pill boxes had put them in his horse's feed; his wife, with the accustomed curiosity of the sex, opened them, and soon had the dazzling "pills" in their proper place. Their son, Lord Stavordale, by the way, is surely one of the young men whose names will be high up in the list of eligible *partis* this Season.

WHAT will the Season hold? Waiting in that crush of cars, not all by any means privately owned these days either, the debutante has plenty of time for meditation before she enters the Palace. She can prepare her smile for the photographers. Or repeat nervously again and again to her chaperon that she only hopes they are in time to get into the Throne Room. While she is waiting for her own turn she wants to have a good look at the others.

SHE can think of other things. The parties and the dances and the social functions . . . Ascot . . . Cowes . . . Scotland. These are assured: but there are other things even more important, and they are in the hands of fortune. Will she have a great success? Attract attention? Make a brilliant match? Probably over that she doesn't bother so much—more intent on the immediate excitement of the Presentation and the many parties to come. But watching her there are Mammas as anxious as any Victorian parent for a happy ending to the Season, and that, like the happy ending of the Victorian novelists, means wedding bells. And later, over lunch in the restaurant with its subdued lights and air of quiet opulence, life certainly becomes even sweeter than that.

AND their anxieties are the more keen these days in view of the number of young men about who know the right people and go to the right places, but are by no means the right man for a bridegroom. They have their way to make. And very often it lies across the ancestral acres of a debutante's family estate. Not to say "real property." For there's nothing like the dollars to make a course of love run smooth.

HEART-BURNINGS of another sort must have been caused again by the opening of the Royal Academy. To the younger artists who scorn its stately portals, not to say walls, it is a signal for explosion. Why call it Art? they demand. It is just one other date in the Social calendar. Certainly as the latter it is a success. This year as much as ever. The crowd at the Private View was as exclusive and as smart as any patron of the Arts could desire to see. Of the ability to judge pictures it may be as well to be reticent. But then, that younger generation maintains, there are no pictures at Burlington House to judge! Neither side has, therefore, anything to quarrel about. But if they have they may feel better if they carry their arguments, as we did, to the cocktail bar of Soso's, so conveniently round the corner in Cork Street. Under the benign influence of Soso's Blue cocktail ("What makes it blue?" "Ah, madame, that is the secret!") they may learn that Art is long and life is short—but sweet.

"At Soso's in the restaurant with its subdued lights"

Rosemary.

WILL OWEN on DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS

No. 1

BY WILL OWEN

The Principal Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs takes steps to ensure Secret Diplomacy

AUGUSTUS JOHN'S WORK:

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

I WONDER if we, as a nation, take sufficient pride in the fact that Augustus John, universally acknowledged abroad as the greatest living portrait painter, is an Englishman? There has been so much criticism of his earlier work and so much was written about the man himself that, apparently, a section of the public believes John to possess a peculiar, outstanding character, combined with a facile capacity for painting green faces attached to distorted bodies. In fact, from the many conversations one overhears he is looked upon as a personality rather than a painter, and many people now visiting Tooth's Galleries will be amazed to discover how fine and serious an artist he is.

THIS is an extraordinarily interesting exhibition because it is so comprehensive. There are some fine portraits which will assuredly enhance his already great reputation. Undoubtedly the finest is No. 13, "Portrait of a Girl." Her attitude and expression give a sense of infinite repose, no easy achievement when the artist also manages to convey the fact that his sitter possesses a most definite character. The colouring is particularly skilful, for the yellow of her straight hair is emphasised, and its line most happily continued by long earrings of the same colour, while the lovely rose of her complexion tones most perfectly with the pink of her dress. I was also immensely attracted by the "Head of a Coloured Girl," a fascinating profile of a most charming sitter, the intense black of her mass of hair (freely and most effectively applied with the aid of a palette knife) contrasting marvellously with the beautiful coppery hues of her skin, on which the light and shade are exquisite. I should like more space in which to describe in detail the charm of "Girl in Red," with her elusive grace and haunting expression, and the gorgeous colouring of her dress. "Henry," a portrait of the artist's son, stands out particularly, for in this the painter has managed to convey such a sense of intensity combined with the seriousness of youth that it appears to be no picture but the living man upon which one looks.

IN this exhibition Augustus John has proved beyond all doubt that he is also an exquisite landscape painter. Among many lovely landscapes of Provence, "La Route de Marseilles" is remarkable by reason of the beauty of its composition and delicacy of its colouring; while I am still haunted by a landscape in which clouds racing over the hills throw down upon them such patches of light and shadow that it appears a jewelled landscape of fairy origin.

THE GEM OF THE EXHIBITION
"Portrait of Eve Kirk"

"Head of a Coloured Girl"

TO those, however, who are familiar with John's work, it is to the flower paintings that they will turn with the greatest interest, for this is an entirely new departure, undertaken as a rest from portraiture. How fortunate if more of us could "rest" with such eminently delightful results! They are so good that one feels that the artist has improved upon nature by giving his flowers so perfect a setting that they glow with more than natural beauty. There is a sureness of drawing and brilliance of colour which give them such freshness and charm that the beholder is filled with pleasure and unconsciously smiles at their beauty. The settings are original and most effective. I admired especially No. 8—a pot of cyclamen standing upon a piece of white paper on a table, the background being a most elaborately designed and delicately painted arabesque of many colours. The result is unusual and exceptionally decorative, and I wish I could describe the effectiveness of that piece of white paper! No. 19 is a pot of primulas with a dark background, standing on a table covered with the most delightful cloth of vivid orange and black check. That cloth fills the whole picture with sunlight and seems to give added life to the flowers. There are many other fascinating studies, the one entitled "Mimosa" being particularly lovely. To quote from the *Studio*: "These flower pieces . . . have established Mr. John's kingdom in yet a new region of art."

Miss Ethel Mannin's final article in her series "What I Know About Men" is unavoidably postponed from this issue through lack of space.

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AT THE PLAY

A VERY MIXED BAG

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" by H. H. HARRIS

"The Shadow of the East," at the Strand Theatre

I UNDERSTAND that M. Lucien Besnard is a French author of repute. I know that Virginia and Frank Vernon, who adapted *The Shadow of the East*, possess great knowledge of the stage, but, having seen this play at the Strand Theatre, I am wondering why on earth M. Besnard wrote it, why Mr. and Mrs. Vernon took the trouble to adapt it, and what an experienced manager like Stanley Bell saw in so jejune a piece of work to consider it worthy of West End production!

QUITE apart from the way the story was told, have we not, at this time of day, seen sufficient of wily Orientals whose mission in life appears to possess a white woman? It may be said that in this case the Amir Abd-en-Nacer strongly resembled Wuzzy, who, you may remember, "for all 'is dusky 'ide . . . was white, clear white inside," for he appeared in an heroic light before the curtain finally fell; but that hardly alters the theme, as his real character was not revealed late at night after we had suffered agonies from "the mixture as before."

I HAVE another complaint to make. Why is it necessary in a play of this sort always to suggest that not only is the Oriental infinitely more clever than the Occidental, but also more dignified and more of a gentleman? Why must at least one person with a white skin be a womanising blackguard who has no objection to taking his pleasures with black or yellow? The Censor is very severe upon plays which, to use the vernacular, are "near the knuckle," yet he licenses without question dramas in which the race ruling over millions of Eastern subjects is shown in an odious light? The acting calls for no comment.

HENRY KENDALL AND CLARICE HARDWICKE

IMPRESSION of EMILY of THE ADENOIDS
DIANA BEAUMONT

"The Infinite Shoeblack," at the Comedy

FOR some reason or other Scottish dramatists—that is, Scottish dramatists who count—are rare birds. With the exception of Sir James Barrie, I cannot recall one Scotsman who has given first-class work to the stage, though some may throw Home Douglas in my face—the gentleman who wrote about a namesake, and in which play, it may be recalled, Norval's father, possessing grazing rights on the Grampians, provided sustenance for sheep.

SINCE seeing *The Infinite Shoeblack* at the Comedy Theatre I am not sure, however, if the author, Norman Macowan, may not be added to the scanty list, for he has written a really interesting play. There is nothing particularly original about the story, which deals with the love of a young Scotsman for an intellectual woman with a somewhat complex character who is entirely non-moral. In a finely written

Bertram Park

Mary Newcomb, who is appearing in "The Infinite Shoeblack," herself provides polished acting. Her success in this play, reviewed on the previous page, is as great as that she achieved in "Jealousy"

dialogue he persuades her to leave Cairo—where he meets her later—renounce a fortune which she has been left, and also her really extensive collection of lovers, to become a poor man's wife. Whether living in bleak Edinburgh after basking in a Cairene sun, or complications arising through the incidents of childbirth, ultimately caused her decease, is not quite clear, but this did not detract from the genuine beauty of the final scene.

IN a play in which both characters and incidents appear not only true but theatrically effective, two performances stand out. I have never yet seen Leslie Banks let an author down, and here such negative praise is out of place. His performance of the young Scotsman, Andrew Berwick, is a memorable one, but not more memorable than that given by Mary Newcomb as the girl he loves. This actress is the finest artist that America has sent us. Were I to try to hit upon the facets of her art which appeal to me most I would plump for the beauty of her carriage and gestures and the spontaneity with which she endows a part.

"Mariners," at Wyndham's Theatre

CLEMENCE DANE'S new play, *Mariners*, though written with evident sincerity, is not her best work by any manner of means, if only for the reason that she has aimed at two targets simultaneously, and, in consequence, missed both.

INTEREST in her story is divided between a young couple, the feminine half of which wonders whether she would be happy when married to a young man—rather too young as represented on the stage—mentally injured by the War, and an elderly clergyman and his virago wife—once a barmaid—who lead a cat-and-dog life, and who appear to be held up as an awful warning. Thus the action switches to and fro between these two couples, and the interweaving of the themes is not handled with sufficient artistry to make one single satisfying picture.

ADD to this the fact that the clergyman's wife is not only an annoying but a repulsive character, while the parson himself is so meek and mild that one would like to shake him, and it is obvious that the long scenes between the two—cleverly as they are acted—can give but little pleasure to witness.

OF this horrible wife Sybil Thorndike makes much. I have never seen her act more finely. Neither have I ever seen Lewis Casson give a more convincing character study than his portrayal of the spineless parson. It is really unfortunate that *because* the acting is so good that the scenes between the two were, to me at least, singularly repulsive. There is precious little comedy to relieve the gloom, and one effort in this direction was misplaced. The opening scene, where a village choir rehearses a glee, might have been lifted bodily from a revue!

"Paris Bound," at the Lyric Theatre

HERBERT MARSHALL and Edna Best have returned to London after a longish absence in America, and have brought from there a comedy called *Paris Bound*, by Philip Barry. I think *Paris Unbinds* would have been a more appropriate title, for this play—like hundreds of others—deals with divorce, and Paris is not only the place to which good Americans go to die, but also to be quit of matrimonial entanglements.

THIS American author takes himself very seriously. I am convinced that he wished to deliver a Message, and that was that matrimonial infidelity—on the part of the male—doesn't really matter two hoots. Every dramatist is entitled to his point of view, but my complaint against the author of *Paris Bound* is that he makes so little of his theme. Equally unfortunate is the fact that he provides but few good acting chances for Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. He took far too much account of his principles, and far too little of his principals.

V. W.

if gossip we must

THE early start of Wagner operas at Covent Garden has meant a strange diversity of attire in the Bow Street district about five o'clock, and some uncertain meal times. An opera that starts in the afternoon and goes on until nearly midnight cannot be "placed" by the unmusical, one of whom, on his friend telling him that he had to be off to Covent Garden at once, as the curtain rose at 4.30, said, "Oh, I see, you're going to the first house!"

Meals, also, have been a difficulty. "High tea," though many of our great and good have been reared on it, is an awkward and indigestible business. The dinner interval is hardly long enough for anything but tinned food, particularly for those who have to go some distance to change. Most people make up for any deficiencies at supper time, though there are those on whom Wagner and Strauss have so emotional an effect that all appetite vanishes until the next morning.

BY the way, the sandwiches, etc., at Covent Garden this year are, so far, as excellent as the music. These have always been well above the average since, a few seasons ago, they were sent, together with orangeade, claret cup, and so forth, from the Ritz, for poor Harry Higgins, who died recently, was a director of both the restaurant and the opera. I notice this year that bottles of champagne are not only on sale, but are actually sold. I don't suppose all the other theatres in London put together sell more than a dozen of champagne in the year. Gone are the days of the old Empire promenade, when "a bottle and a bird" was a frequent part of the evening's entertainment—and the bird was not grouse.

BUT it really is extraordinary that the average theatre bar sells anything at all, so dear and so poor in quality are the refreshments, and so great the discomfort. Were it not that males are naturally lazy and go to the nearest spot for a spot of another sort, I doubt whether these bars would do any trade whatever. For a thimbleful of sulphuric acid, sold as whisky, a preposterous sum is charged. If one asks for a "double" one gets, usually, rather less than a single and a half, and there is no time to argue. One bottle of soda is often made to accommodate three customers, each of whom has, of course, paid for it; this is splashed and dashed into the glass by a harassed blonde (who never has any change) so that a large portion of the mixture bubbles over on to the counter. To go to an adjacent public-house is the wiser course, for the quality is better, the quantity greater, and the price cheaper, so long as a doctor's bill has not to be added to it through catching pneumonia during that draughty pilgrimage in the white shirt of an anything but blameless life.

AUGUSTUS JOHN'S party was what Anita Loos would call a "wow." All enjoyed themselves without being organised into enjoyment, for the distinguished host's only noticeable activity was to keep on imploring the various arrivals to go and explore the house. There was one exciting incident—when a youthful baronet's only sister (who is somewhat masculine in her apparel and has a will of her own) walked up to a tall youth who has a historic name and "fetched him one" over the jaw. For two days afterwards half Bohemian-plus-Belgravian London was asking why she did it, and the other half was only too willing to supply the answer. I think she was right.

THE PRINCE AND "TOC H" Keystone

The Prince of Wales, by whose side is the Rev. "Tubby" Clayton, lighting new Lamps of Remembrance at a Toc H gathering at the Church House, Westminster. A kitten, which introduced itself to the Prince and with which he played, can be seen sleeping the sleep of the just under His Royal Highness's chair

Edmon[illegible] urrington

KARSAVINA'S COME-BA

A recent photograph of the famous Russ[illegible]cer, Mme. Karsavina, who danced for the Ellen[illegible] Memorial Matinée on April 23, and also for the L[illegible] Children's Hospital on May 3. She recently returne[illegible] successful tour in Holland and Germany, and will[illegible] Paris for a week during this m[illegible]

THE Grand Duke Michael [illegible] strange, morose man. If [illegible] was one thing, however, more [illegible] horrent to him than Russia in [illegible]er present condition, it was the abortive "White" plots and Romanoff conspiracies, with their selection of "Tsars," which were hatched, and are still hatched, in Paris. He was very different from the Grand Duke Nicholas, who, though he had more brains and certainly more energy, rather revelled in that sort of thing. Although he was frequently at Cannes, Paris he loathed, particularly the "Russianised" parts where each restaurant has its Cossack cabaret and knife-juggling dancers, most of them claiming, wholly without foundation, to have been generals in the old Imperial Army.

The Grand Duke was a most regal person, and bore himself with rather more dignity in his exile than many a monarch on his throne. Those who ever ventured to call on the late Duke of Orleans at Wood Norton will know what I mean.

GENUINE English comedians who are really comic are so rare that I was sorry to get a letter from Harry Tate, who is in New York, to say all is not well. Harry, it seems, was rid[illegible] wi[illegible] Ro[illegible] a[illegible]n. blo[illegible] h[illegible] hosp[illegible]tal. "[illegible] a yard foot[illegible] thick wide. Docto[illegible] 'I'm going to st[illegible]u up. Will you fair[illegible]aid,' I shall if I do[illegible] drink.' He gave [illegible] a drop of brandy, th[illegible] said, 'Where are you g[illegible]?' I replied that I was [illegible]ing out to find another ac[illegible]dent as it was worth it. Better now, but rotten luck. Sometimes I feel so absent-minded that I forget to [illegible]eed. Goodbye-e-e. . . ." It is about five years since Harry Tate was in a revue in London, and it is certainly time for him to reappear. No one is so irresistible as Harry when he is in form and has the right material. Poor Charlie Hawtrey used to say he was one of the best actors he had ever seen.

IT was the late Basil Macdonald Hastings who suggested that London should have an efficient "producer," a sort of artistic expert in grouping and colour, who for the benefit of visitors [illegible]ing the Season (which I p[illegible]se, has now opened) should [illegible]nge effective sights and pictur[illegible]ue personalities. A coach and [illegible]r, for instance, should clatter St. James's Street just at the [illegible]ght moment; Chelsea Pensioners, in their quaint garb, should be planted at odd corners; actors, duly Irvingesque, should, with unkempt hair and astrakhan collars, be commanded to stroll, tragic of gait and of

OH, let us now sing of that [illegible]
That's spelt with a capital "S,"
When Spring buds are shooting
In Putney and Tooting
And dear little "debs" are all busy
"debuting,"
And the hopeful young man dons his natty
Spring suiting
The girl of his heart to impress.

Yes, let us all now praise the Season,
The levees, the dances, the Courts,
The jolly and gay time
Youth has in the May-time,
And I for my own part am willing to
state I'm
An ardent believer in good, healthy playtime
For keeping young people in sorts.

The dances they give in the Season
Set many young hearts all aflame,
When champagne-cup mixtures
Make girls forget strictures,
Pronounced by their chaperons sitting
like fixtures,
And in some dark corner act love scenes
from pictures
That really aren't any too tame.

Well, each to his choice in the Season,
Though dances have long ceased to please.
I'm happy and sprightly
And view all life lightly,
Because once again I can gorge myself
nightly
On a dish that is fragrant and tasty and
sightly—
Ambrosial duck and green peas! B. W.

By JEFFRYES

"I say, what school were you at?"
"Oh, I don't think that would be much help to you. They don't take boys over twelve"

...ction is at ...an phrase, Party ...s one should meet, "In twos and threes in every street, Proclaiming, with no little heat, their various opinions."

But there is one superbly British figure who, when he is in London, is always on view to those who know how to find him. I refer to Lord Lonsdale. It is a sight for the gods, or, at any rate (to come a bit lower), for Americans, to see him taking a before-dinner stroll along Carlton House Terrace and down the Duke of York's Steps. This happens as regularly as Big Ben ticks. Preceded by half a dozen dogs and wearing a grey bowler hat, with a tie of his racing colours, the famous sporting peer, who doesn't seem anything like seventy, walks along, smiling a "Good evening" to anybody he meets, and leaving behind him an aroma of a first-rate cigar. He looks

A NEW INGÉNUE *Paul Tanqueray*

Miss Ann Todd as Lady Oenone in "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," at the New Theatre, scored an immediate success as the ingénue of this popular farce. She is a very pretty blonde

Sa... (the... w, ... not ... tair ... to ... wed ... ffice as a memo... an ... is being swan... by saxo... 'Talkies," ice-cr... soda, an... rapers.

This ... season of Derby swee... the bore tells you he was two off the winning number in his club sweep, when the probable horses are all drawn by the richest people one knows, and when the man whom only a stroke of luck can save from bankruptcy never by any chance draws a horse at all.

I am minded of the story of two men in a railway carriage. One was huddled up in a corner and in a huge overcoat, obviously in the uttermost depths of misery. The second, a stranger, was ...at he asked what ... atter. "I drew the ... ticket in the Calcutta ...eep," came the dismal reply, and sold it outright for a couple of pounds."

"Good God," said his sympathiser, I think if I did a thing like that I'd ... my throat."

"*I have,*" was the ghastly whisper.

There is some attempt among our card-players to get back to the atmosphere of the Regency in the names of the places they frequent. The New Almack's Club—the third of the series, for the second came to an end, or became dormant, last year—has opened in excellent style, and looks like having a long life. The inaugural reception was attended by the Duchess of Newcastle, who is not often seen in London, Sir Louis and Lady Vaughan, Sir Harold Reckitt, Lady Theodora Davidson, and, so far as could be seen, not a single Guinness. It was a most cheery affair, so it may be imagined that cards were not the attraction on this occasion.

There is also a Crockford's in full sw... in Hertford Street, just near th... pasant little Georgian house oc... l by Lady Hawtrey, who, as fu... energy as ever, gave a dinner pa... the other night. She is the m... efatigable woman in London. Th... inal Crockford's was in the ... now occupied by the Devon-

By Schus

"Madame can't see you. She's in her bath"
"That's quite all right, I'm selling toilet soap!"

NOTTI[illegible]AM [illegible]IVERS[illegible]Y H[illegible]A RAG

Keystone

King Marmaduke, accompanied by many peculiarly dressed but loyal subjects, presenting a charter to the pseudo Chancellor during a rag organised by the undergraduates of Nottingham University. The rag, which was in aid of charity, proved a great success all round

shire Club, which is hardly so difficult to enter.

It now only remains for some enterprising soul to revive Wattier's.

I AM glad to see that the Café de Paris in Coventry Street has reopened its doors—after a period of renovation. The circular floor, almost the best surface in town for those who dance for dancing's sake, was beautifully polished the other night when I dined there, whilst the latest golden reflecting lights and the new scarlet chairs give it the appearance of almost a fairy palace. There is always an air of pleasant intimacy about the Café de Paris which larger places cannot capture. Its orchestra and cabaret are as attractive as any other restaurant of its genre, including Sid Phillips, the saxophonist, and his Melodians, with also Bob and Muriel in their dancing numbers.

By Arthur Ferrier

"Can I play with your rocking-horse, Alec? You won't be wanting it for a long time"

CONTI, until recently at the Café Anglais, is the restaurant manager, with Madre *chef de cuisine*. The other night I turned in for what Conti terms "a bite before the theatre," and the "bite" was as follows:—

Caviar de Beluya.
Germing en Tasse.
Truite au Bleu.
Poussin farci Californienne.
Petits Pois à l'Etivé.
Pommes Montgolfier.
Salade de Pointes d'Asperges.
Canapé Maison.
Café. Fruits. Cognac.

With the *caviar* they served a glass of vodka and, apart from all else, I must recommend the Blue Trout, presumably from the Danube, and the asparagus salad. I have never enjoyed a better-served dinner, let alone a "bite," and every gourmet should place himself at once in the hands of the smiling Conti. The London restaurants are at least pulling their weight in the attempt to bring about a Brighter Britain in the West End of London, and if only Jix will be sensible and take a peerage we can face the future with equanimity. But, alas! he seems a sticker.

TWO [illegible] OF THE [illegible]R

"THESE FEW ASHES," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

The scene shows Kenneth Vail (Owen Nares), after many other amorous adventures, succumbing to the charms of Janet Trent (Grace Wilson), whom he eventually marries

"ROPE" AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE

Brian Aherne as the undergraduate-murderer is seen roughly handling the young man who tries in fun to get the key of the chest which contains the body of his victim. Ernest Milton as the dilettante who discovers the murderer is seen on the right

Compton Collier

Miss Aida Brittain, the only daughter of Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., M.P., and Lady Brittain. She is being presented at the first Court

Marion Lee

Miss Pauline Fletcher, who is being presented this year, is the daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Fletcher. She is a keen and accomplished horsewoman, and rides to hounds regularly during the hunting season

Hay Wrightson

LADY ANN COLE

The eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Enniskillen, who comes out this Season under the chaperonage of her aunt, Lady Kathleen Villiers

Raphael

MISS PENELOPE MAFFEY

The eldest daughter of Sir John and Lady Maffey, who is to be presented by her mother. Sir John is Governor-General of the Soudan

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Ulrica Thynne, the only daughter of Colonel Ulric Thynne, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Thynne, who is being presented this Season. The Marquess of Bath is lending his Grosvenor Square house for her coming-out dance

Vandyk

Miss Joyce Kirk, the daughter of the late Brigadier-General H. Buchanan Kirk, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. Kirk

Yevonde

MISS VIDA CUTHBERT

Who is among those to be presented this Season. She is the daughter of the late Capt. J. H. Cuthbert and of Lady Rayleigh

Lenare

MISS PEGGY GORDON MOORE

A recent portrait of another charming young person who is among the Season's debutantes. She is to be presented by her mother

THOSE [illegible] DEBUTANTES

THE tapes go up for the annual grand race of the season—the Debutante Stakes. From all over the world have the entries come, the Dominions, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada, and, of course, America. You may see them, Court feathers above shingled heads, lined up in the sunset, from Buckingham Palace to Admiralty Arch, one side of London's Champs Elysées—the Mall, that is—a field of trembling expectation. Beauty upon the brink of its Court presentation. The first cars move forward, the first satin shoe steps upon the threshold that will lead them to the Throne Room. The race for the Debutante Stakes has begun! And who, and who are these lovely—and, alas! otherwise—entries for the race whose finishing post is the altar rails? Let us see.

THERE are so many. Richly dark, supremely fair, brunette and blonde, a lovely panorama of soft cheeks and long gloves. As a matter of precedent let us take first the daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Margaret and Lady Helen Stewart, who prefer country to town; the sound of the huntsman's horn to the wail of the saxophone. For them there will be the greatest ball of the Season, for this year the hostess of the Derby Night Ball will be Lady Londonderry, and it is likely that the Queen will be present, as she was for Lady Ward's Derby dance last year, and at those given by Lady Derby. And this dance will be both a presentation ball for Lady Londonderry's daughters and an apotheosis of the great Epsom race.

AFTER the daughters of this great Conservative peer it is only fair to bring forward the pretty daughter of that rich and grandiose pedestal of the Liberal cause, Lord Beauchamp. This is Lady Dorothy Lygon. She is seventeen. There will then be four Lygon girls upon the high seas of London Society, and that one will shortly land upon the Island of Marriage will be most probable.

THE Hon. Mary Elizabeth Elphinstone, a niece of the Duchess of York, is to be presented at the first Court. Her mother, Lady Elphinstone, will present her, but, being delicate, and preferring the more bracing air of Musselburgh, she will not remain in London, and her daughter will be chaperoned by both the Duchess of York—most signal of distinctions for a young girl's first Season—and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower.

THE sister of the Premier Earl on the Roll in the peerages of both England and Ireland, the young Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, who is fifteen, is a distinguished debutante of the year. This is Lady Audrey Talbot, and as she approaches the Presence in the Throne Room one might visualise the benignant spirits of that egregious line of ancestors that runs back to Sir Gilbert Talbot, Lord Chamberlain to Edward III.

Raphael

MISS LAWRE FALKINER

Who is to be presented by Lady Fuller. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otway Falkiner and a cousin of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay

By May Fayre

ANOTHER interesting girl who will be presented is the eldest daughter of Senator Marconi by his first wife, an Irishwoman. Donna Degna Marconi is lucky to have the traditional blue of Irish eyes, and the rich, dark hair of an Italian. That she has a particular wireless set of her own might be taken for granted.

SENATOR MARCONI'S daughter is naturally bi-lingual, for her father prefers talking Italian, and she speaks other languages, too, but not, I believe, Russian, as does Miss Peggy Wilton, another debutante of the year. Mr. David Wilton, her father, was for many years familiar in all the Embassies and capitals of Europe as King's Messenger, a vocation that has much to recommend it, and is a succinct contradiction to the adage that a rolling stone gathers no moss! Miss Wilton is blonde and tall like her mother, who looks so young one might easily mistake them for sisters.

A PARTICULARLY interesting presentation will be that of Miss Joan Buckmaster, the daughter of Lady Pearson, who is perhaps more generally associated with her stage name, Gladys Cooper. She is fair, like her mother, and she has also her mother's beautiful serenity of expression.

BY now the debutantes will be passing swiftly before the assembled courtiers around the Queen, together with the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. There will be Lady Veronica Blackwood, the daughter of Lord and Lady Dufferin, and her dark, attractively unruly hair may cause her moments of concern as she adjusts the obligatory feathers. Then there will be also the red-haired Lady Flavia Giffard, daughter of Lord and Lady Halsbury, and such lovely girls as Miss Rosemary Anne Mitford, Lady Helen Brocklehurst's daughter, Lady Janet Montgomerie, Lady Ann Cole, the eldest child of Lord and Lady Enniskillen, Lord and Lady Mexborough's second daughter, Lady Beatrice Savile, a niece of the late Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, and the daughter of the Ranee of Sarawak (Lady Brooke), Miss Leonora Brooke.

LADY STUCLEY, who has presented two daughters of her own, is this year escorting to Court the pretty daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. G. Chichester, Miss Anne Chichester; and two other pretty girls to be presented will be Miss Molly Hammond-Chambers, and Miss Coral Pinckard. At the second Court of the Season, Miss Myra Tiarks, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tiarks, is to be presented by her mother. Mr. Tiarks is one of those, shall I say, fortunate people who are Governors of the Bank of England. Mrs. Tiarks is also giving a dance for her daughter this Season, as is Mrs. Harry Post for her debutante daughter, Cynthia. Indeed, the pen cannot stop in this recital of young people for whom the excitements of the Season are before them. Enviable youth! Untouched by Time's sophistication!

MISS LAWRE FALKINER, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otway Falkiner, the well-known Australian, who owns several sheep stations in New South Wales, is to be presented this Season by Lady Fuller. Miss Falkiner is the cousin of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay.

LE DERNIER VOILE

BY V. MORO

FIVE DELIGHT

Above are seen five attractive ou
curtsies at Court this year. Th top
Tiarks, the second daughter of
be presented by her mother; i e
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ge P
debutantes, whilst the top rig an
Post, the daughter of Mr. an s.
are giving a dance this month the
bottom left is Miss Anne Ch ter
C. G. Chichester, who is to res
bottom right is seen Miss M Ha
of Commander Hammond-Ch L
Chambers, who is g

BYSTANDER *Exclusive*

...UL DEBUTANTES

...oung people who are making their ...op left photograph shows Miss Myra ..., and Mrs. Frank Tiarks, who is to ...e centre is Miss Coral Pinckard, the ... Pinckard, who is among the Season's ...and photograph shows Miss Cynthia ...s. Harry Post, for whom her parents ...their house in Hobart Place. At the ...ter, the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. ...resented by Lady Stucley, and at the ...Hammond-Chambers, the only daughter ..., D.S.O., R.M., and Mrs. Hammond-...g presented by her mother

...Photographs Raphael

WOLSELEY

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R A

[illegible] of Mi[illegible] Arlen's [illegible]ory, the first instalme[illegible] published [illegible] week. [illegible] Hemingway, a middle-a[illegible]iess man, being in vited by Be[illegible]y, once his mistress, to visit her on the Riviera, where he finds her the centre of a rackety crew, one of the few decent ones of the party being a young soldier, Victor Maple, in whom Beulah Ley appears to take particular interest

Part Two

By MICHAEL ARLEN

Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

HEMINGWAY had met Isaac Oppelfeldt in New York, where he had seemed a decent old boy. The Oppelfeldts were well known on the Riviera for their entertainments. This party that he and his anxious wife were giving at their beautiful villa at the foot of the Californie was, firstly, to entertain Americans visiting the Riviera who would not accept Jews in New York at any price, and, secondly, to inaugurate the new bathing-pool they had sunk into the garden at fabulous cost.

Small supper-tables were arranged around the bright blue pool into which the sea, brought from half a mile away after years of very hard work entirely devoted by Mr. Oppelfeldt's European secretaries to the bribing of every official in the Alpes Maritimes, incessantly poured through the mouth of a bronze lion. The beast vomiting water looked utterly idiotic. Hemingway reflected on the sad fate of lions. Maids of all work, that was what they were. The king of the forest might roar all he liked, but any kid with a penny could put his foot on it.

Everything was arranged to give satisfaction. The moon was full, but looked rather out of it among the innumerable lights. An open-air bar, built within an arcade of Grecian columns at one end of the pool, was attended by two barmen. One was called George and the other Freddy. The opposite end of the pool, where marble columns also rose, was given over to dressing-rooms.

HEMINGWAY, pushed here and there by the crowd, had not been there five minutes before he was wondering what had possessed him to come. He could not find the members of his own party. He knew no one—not even old Oppelfeldt, for the old boy had early in the evening succumbed to the "party spirit," and was now too tipsy to distinguish anyone. Beulah had vanished.

He had never known a crowd so noisy as that around the pool. Most were in bathing-suits. These planned a conspiracy, the object of which was to hurl anyone in evening dress into the pool. Two young Italians made a grab at Hemingway, but quickly desisted on seeing the lack of "party spirit" in his eye. A woman in a Chanel dress was thrown in amidst cheers.

Hemingway, thirsty from the oppressive heat, made for the bar.

That was a mistake, too. A fellow couldn't even get a drink in peace. The bar, crammed with wet, glistening bodies, exhaled a chill, damp odour. All the same, the heat was terrific.

Hemingway, unable to catch a barman's eye, stood helplessly in the press. He could not bring himself to push through that dripping, swaying crowd. It stank in his nostrils. Wet arms and legs pressed against him, exuding alcohol and cigarette smoke. Italian voices lent a shrill edge to the more solid noise of the two premier nationalities. The men of the two premier nationalities were taking rather a back seat at this party. Their girls were having a grand time with Italians and Russians.

He wished he could find young Maple and have a quiet drink with him in some corner of the garden where one wouldn't fall over shrieking, half-naked girls and prancing young men. A fair-haired young girl, just out of the pool, violently pushed against him, left him with a sopping cuff and sleeve. Turning up her baby face to apologise, her clear blue eyes, of the very stuff of England, gazed into his with a child-like, tender shyness that left him on edge with exasperated pity. Ah, yes, she was having a good time. It infuriated him, this continual wastage of wholesomeness. He realised that it had always infuriated him, that this never-ceasing wastage was one of his main quarrels with life.

NOW and then a pretty girl, ecstatic terror in her eyes, flashing long white legs, would flit frantically past in a vain attempt to evade the clutches of her cosmopolitan admirers, who seemed never to tire of throwing the prettiest girls into the pool. Italian fun! Anglo-Saxon fun! And there were fellows in mines and factories and ships sweating to make money for these swine! Good God! And to think that only to-day he had been impressed by the atmosphere of innocence created by half-naked young bodies enjoying themselves together. Innocence—in this fleshy riot!

Setting his teeth in an effort to control his nausea, he pushed his way through the crowd, and, plunging through some dusty shrubs, found himself in the gardens. Deserted, they lay abandoned to the moonlight.

He took a deep breath. Well, this wasn't so bad. The idiotic uproar from the pool seemed to shatter itself against the silence about him and, shivered into tiny wailing pieces, to float away in the white moonlight. All dignity seemed to fly the neighbourhood of the Oppelfeldt millions. The formal garden gave its charms up to the wrecking glare of the moon like a martyr exulting in the pain of destiny. At the far end, through curving palm trees, he could just see the sea, half a mile below, sleeping blissfully in the white light. Still and gleaming, it reminded you of the sea in fairy tales.

It was the most stifling night they had had yet. He walked towards the trees, hoping for a breeze from the sea. The dignity of the night, apparently despairing of any welcome at the Oppelfeldt party, had withdrawn itself into the darkness beneath the curving palms. They attracted him irresistibly, curving so impersonally above cool, arcadian shadows.

BUT once beneath their monstrous leaves the darkness fell on his burdened spirit like a stone. Dishevelled as they must be by day, as all palm trees are, at night they were the dominant force in the moonlit garden—distilling darkness, earthy and eternal darkness. And his soul was intolerably burdened, so that he felt he was being dragged down, and he prayed for a glimmer of light to guide him through the darkness of his spirit.

But had he not for years hidden his natural instincts beneath a mask of cool and hostile ability? Had he not always been disloyal to himself in pretending to masterfulness, whereas in his heart he was a meek and lonely man? The hanging leaves above him, like gigantic hands from another world, seemed to press down on his head, forcing the darkness of realisation into him. Oh, angel of peace, what must a man do to be rid of himself, thus to find himself? And as his soul cried out against the inescapable loneliness of his life, he almost stumbled over the bodies of Beulah and young Maple.

He trembled violently, unable to stir. It was as though the darkness had cleaved itself open at his feet to show him its burning heart.

Beulah's white dress, separated from him by the trunk of a palm, lay like dust at his feet. He could lift his foot and stamp on her, stamping dust into dust. She

sat drooping with
her lap, between her as
He forgot the wom Th
and still, held Hemingway s
young Maple was gazing
beauty. He lay, still and s
young heart into Beulah's ke

HEMINGWAY turned and ra
they heard him. The bo
hear. The woman would throw
slanting glint of her long blue eye
the upturned face on her lap.
sound of her light voice ravishing
He was afraid lest, standing th
tempted to lift up his heel and stamp
His hatred of her curled like a snake
How well he knew that light, tender voice burde
a poignant sadness! Down the dim, bewitche
of the woman's melancholy voice her lovers all
one by one, to the insatiable body whence it cam
now she was drawing this wondering boy to her.

He slashed his way through the dusty palm leave
damned soul-eating darkness! At last, dripping with
sweat, he found himself in the open.

Swaying, he stood in the moonlight, a piece of wreckage cast up for an instant from the eternal darkness. And it seemed to him that all nature around him was challenging his helplessness. He looked about him jerkily, as though to catch nature at it. He felt absolutely helpless.

"Man is not a masterpiece, but he is remarkable." Remarkable? For what? God in Heaven, for what? The profoundly still sea, the far-away mountains of the Esterelle, the curving palms behind him, the very ground beneath him, loaded with darkness and eternity, seemed to be exulting over his helplessness.

Mopping his forehead, he tried to come to terms with the violence of his emotions. Was this jealousy? Jealousy! The physical nausea that gripped him at the thought of the woman's insatiable body made him turn away, for fear of madness, from any thought of jealousy. And he wondered at these violent dramatics within him, as though there was a stranger in himself. Dramatics? He realised with amazement that these dramatics were but an eddying whirlpool round a central core, and that this core was pity.

He tried to think calmly. It seemed to him he couldn't fairly say that this pity was for himself. It was for himself, certainly, but also for Beulah and for that boy—particularly for young Maple. It was pity for all innocent things destined to unhappiness. It was pity for his own extinguished youth, and for this boy's faith and innocence. And this pity was aflame with wrath, and he knew it for righteous wrath.

HE realised that for the first time in his life he was seeing into himself. The trouble with him was that he should have been a priest. Like a man standing on a hill, he saw beneath him the ruins of his life. Funny he had never thought of it before. Yes, he should have been a priest, devoting his life to the uprooting of ungodliness and lust. Unrasped by fleshly desires, he would have won authority over the souls of Beulah and young Maple, forbidding them to give ear to the call to unhappiness. For that was what it was, the call to unhappiness. Siren voices, the poets called it. And that was what drove them all, the call to unhappiness. That was the whisper in the dark heart of all fleshly love. One moment you heard the universe singing, and the walls of reality fell in before that sweet song. The next, you felt the very ground beneath you to be your enemy, bearing you despitefully like drifting wreckage. This boy would come to that, when he found Beulah out. Dreaming, he would give himself to her. And she would leave him without the power or the wish to dream.

"The boy's intent face, upturned and still, held Hemingway spellbound"

HE walked away from the Oppelfeldts', past the long line of waiting automobiles, and turned downhill towards the sea.

His mind kept insisting on that boy's grave upturned face. It seemed to him cruel and intolerable that such innocence should be ground through the mill. The very first impression he had had of young Maple had been: "Here's a countenance bright with truth: faithful and innocent: generous and unwary." You would have thought life would have some reverence

fe[illegible]n't a drop of [illegible]ble. It just extin-

[illegible]e masts in the harbour, [illegible]le sky with mournful dignity. [illegible]ountains crouched, dark and [illegible]ney swept gigantically, taking [illegible]ean. They knew their power, [illegible]xtinguishable. He turned his [illegible]ed on quickly. His heart was [illegible]n his healthy body. He walked the ground, frowning. Maybe he [illegible] near the Majestic. He'd have it [illegible]osed, [illegible] wanted to shut out the mountains [illegible]d all [illegible] exultant pride of inextinguishable [illegible]ature.

Once [illegible] his bedroom at the villa he lay on the bed [illegible]ne dark, without undressing. Then he changed his mind, quickly threw off his clothes, letting them drop on the floor, and put on his pyjamas. He did all this with an absent-minded expression. It never occurred to him to switch on the light. Then he opened the door, and, leaving it ajar, threw himself on the bed.

He was quite calm now. His heart was still pounding queerly, but he did not think of that. He did not think of anything. He simply felt he had been lying like this, inactive and alert in the dark, for years. The house was very still. It did not occur to him to get between the sheets and try to sleep. His ears were on the alert all the time. The stirless house seemed to be expectant, too.

He had no idea how long he had been lying there when he heard the car grind up the winding, untidy drive. Then voices came up to him through the wide-open window. He lay without stirring, his mind inactive, his ears alert. He heard Beulah ask if anyone had seen him. Her voice rang gaily in his ears, exultantly. Then she called up: "Are you back, Mechanic?" He called "Yes," and they came into the house, talking and laughing, into the sitting-room below.

IN his straining ears Beulah's voice rang above the others. He tried to shut it out and distinguish young Maple's voice. But Maple would be silent, his grave eyes intent on the woman's lovely face. Beulah would glance at him with her fathomless expression. Her eyes would be expressionless, yet veiled with a sweet trustfulness, like a dog's. Hemingway knew that look that had once filled him with terror, delight and pity. Turning to talk to the others, her gaze would still be fixed, fathomless.

But the boy would be thinking of the divine intimacy of two souls

Hemingway convulsively shut his eyes against young Maple's wondering face. Well, he would soon have the nonsense knocked out of him. People said it was a good thing for a young fellow. "Being bullied at school did *my* son no harm," people said.

It was a good thing, was it, to have the nonsense knocked out of you? Was it, by God! It was a damned unholy thing. That way, the earth-bound way, lay mortal peril for the soul. Was it nonsense to dream of a better world, to live for a better world, cleanly and righteously?

They were coming upstairs. He jumped up and closed the door, then lay on the bed again. In his mind he saw them saying good-night on the stairs. Beulah's gaze lay for a second on the boy's. They weren't fixed now, nor expressionless. They were moist, in ardent and expectant gratitude. Didn't he know her! Then she said good-

night briskly, and the ...en'

It seemed to Hemingway, ... his was a terrible responsibil... with the figure of Maple, re... g stand against it. Youth! My ...d, c... finger to stop this senseless violatic... "life"!

The house was silent now. He rose, opened it and looked out. The passa... A light shone under Beulah's door. and sat near it on a hard chair.

He did not admit to himself that he w... thing. He seemed to be acting absent-... his own impulsion. He had planned n... had no plan in his head. He simply sa... half-open door to the dark passage.

RISING quickly when his straining ears cau...t the fain... sound of an opening door on the floor a...ove, he dio... not hesitate for a moment. Yet he had ...t given ... thought of what he was going to do. In the ...rk passa... he waited a second, to make certain. Yes, someone w... coming down.

He tip-toed quickly along the passage to Beulah's doo... There was no light under it now, but he found the handle without fumbling. Softly but quickly he opened the door, went in, and held it to behind him.

In the room the waning moonlight made objects just perceptible. He could see Beulah's phantom outline against the shape of the bed. He was quite calm, faintly surprised at his efficient noiselessness.

Beulah whispered: "Victor!"

He turned his back to the room, facing the door, his hand never off the knob. He was about the same height as young Maple.

"Darling," Beulah whispered, "why do you stand there?"

...ng his hand on the door-knob ...most intolerably taut. His face ...ion. At last the knob trembled ...egan to turn softly. He did not ...door half open, and said into the

...do you want here?"

...ht just picked the boy's eyes out of the ...ne passage. They stared at Hemingway in ...ay like horror disembodied. Then Heming-..., the door to. The tension broken, he would ...apsed if there had not been the door to lean ... He closed his eyes, gasping, unable to move. The ...ness of the room seemed to throb with Beulah's ...sence. He realised he was afraid of her. This com-...tely unnerved him. Then he heard a switch being ...ned.

...ith a great effort he opened his eyes and saw Beulah ...g up in bed looking at him with icy amazement. ...ontinued to lean against the door, utterly exhausted.

"And what does *this* mean?" she asked.

...he spoke, his exhausted mind reflected, exactly as she ...ht to a waiter who had spilled some soup over her.

"What are you doing here, Mechanic?"

...e formed his words very slowly, ...ting his lips with his ...gue.

"I didn't want you to get that boy into your clutches. So I stopped him coming in."

He wrinkled his forehead in a frown, trying not to flinch at her

(Continued on page 322)

"She was staring at him with utter amazement, as she might at an animal that had suddenly spoken"

BY HENDY

"Is that Bainbury's? Well, will you cancel the order for liver my man gave this morning? . . . Yes, cancel it . . . You see, my clever little Biddie has caught a mouse!"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 308)

International Graphic Press

Pola Negri, the Polish film star, in the grounds of her home, the Chateau de Seraincourt, near Paris, with her second husband, Prince Serge Mdivani, whom she married last year. Prince Serge's brother David is also married to a famous film star, being the husband of Mae Murray

PLAYFUL DELEGATES

By JAY MARTIN

HAVING the best interests of my readers at heart, I have become quite nosy in trying to find out something about the Reparations Conference. "Know anything funny about Reparations?" I asked Larry Hamilton, as he is a nephew of J. P. Morgan. "Funny!" said Larry, "Funny! why Fred Bate told me that the whole thing was funny."

IT seems that the Delegates, who were awfully bored, played a little game, hiding each other's desk-blotters so that the next morning Owen Young would get Dr. Schacht's, and Sir Josiah Stamp would open his blotter only to find the private impressions of Kengo Mori, the Japanese Delegate, which must be funny enough in French or English, so I can imagine what the German debt looks like in Japanese script.

The reporters who sat around the hall of the Hotel George V burned cigarette holes in a valuable rug, and the management—somewhat peeved—suggested that they do their waiting in the bar.

So they had to sit for hours, waiting for news, in the bar, and it is a wonder that what they finally did give to the newspapers wasn't more stimulating, or at least more imaginative.

By Mercer

THE PRODIGAL SON AND THE FATTED CALF

OH, the Spring in Paris is just *gawjus*. All the little cavalry officers are clop-clopping on their little horses, not only in the Bois, but in the *allées* of the Avenue Henri Martin and the Avenue President Wilson. I saw a practice polo game the other morning out at Bagatelle, and I am already hearing hard-luck stories over the telephone from friends just returned from the races at Longchamps or Auteuil or St. Cloud.

IT is bad enough to hear a hard-luck story anyhow, but over a French telephone it is much worse, because one is usually cut off, and then one has to hear the story all over again. In France the subscriber must buy his own telephone, and, as several companies manufacture several designs, it is no wonder that the system is so crazy.

SOME of my friends have new ones of a squat and modern shape, and I suppose that is why I have a headache every morning. Because the other day I asked for a number, and, instead of getting it, I heard someone ordering two kilos of *haricots verts* to be sent to the Comtesse de Castries. I hope she got them, as I am sure that she is a very nice person, because a short time after hearing about her stringed beans I opened a new and lovely book by Princess Bibesco called

(Continued on page 310)

THE V

International Graphic Press

Pola Negri, the Polish film star, photographed in one of the rooms of her husband Prince Serge Mdivani's chateau near Paris. She has been married twice previously, but she has declared to interviewers that her heart still yearns and yearns for the late-lamented Rudolph Valentino

PARIS G

A

GENTSIA

"La Turquoise," an behold "La Turquoise" is dedicated to the Comtesse de Castries.

THE other day I was in the Boulevard Raspail, I'm sure I don't know why, I must have made a mistake, and went into a gallery to see an exhibition of the paintings of Maurice Utrillo, which was another mistake. The canvases were of cathedrals and churches, and not being particularly religious to start with I have taken a violent prejudice against cathedrals and churches after seeing what Utrillo had done to them. Of course, he is very much in vogue, but I think he is just terrible. But the gallery was full of intelligentsia, and as I walked around the gallery once, and then right out the door, I could feel the eyes of the Left Bank slaying me with sneers, as if *I* don't understand *Art*. Ha, ha! If only they could guess how much I know! But I *have* seen some lovely pictures this week. They are by Jean Hugo, a grandson of Victor Hugo. Imagine having that to live up to! But he does, although in an entirely different manner. He paints the most charming, imaginative little things in water-colour and gouache, with a most marvellous taste in colour. Jean Hugo is the young artist who did the brilliantly conceived costumes for Jean Cocteau's *Romeo et Juliet*. Maurice Sachs, the young dealer at whose gallery Hugo's work is shown, is taking them to London on June 17, when they will be shown at the Claridge Galleries in Grosvenor Square.

"At the exhibition of Maurice Utrillo's paintings"

POLA NEGRI has decided to postpone her divorce suit, as she wants to use her title of Princess Mdivani when she goes to make pictures in England. She was to do "The Queen's Necklace" in France, but broke her contract when she found out the necklace wasn't big enough, or that Alexandre Dumas would not be on the spot, or something like that. But the film will be made without her: a film *sonore*, as they say in France, and will be played by the wife of Captain Jefferson Davis Cohn. Mrs. Cohn is really beautiful, one of the prettiest women in Paris (two others are Marthe Letellier and Kitty de Rothschild. More lists furnished on request), and they say she has a good voice. Speaking of Jeff Cohn, some years ago at Deauville I saw a very good-looking man gambling away. A friend said to me, "That's Captain Cohn, who runs a lot of horses." So that I thought a man so good-looking must have a swell stable. Naturally, the next day I lost a lot of money, and it served me right for believing everything I'm told (I've recovered from *that!*). For I later learned that the man whom I thought was Jeff Cohn was really Jean Patou. Of course, that happened four or five years ago, and now I know a lot more about horses and dressmakers.

NOW I suppose I shall have to write about dressmakers, as that is what Paris is really famous for, isn't it? So I went to Chantal to see their *demi-saison* collection, and the first person I saw was Captain Martinez, of the Argentine Legation, who tried to look embarrassed when he saw me, but I am sure he was enjoying himself a lot, as he was with two very good-looking girls, and the principal idea of the collection was pyjamas. Now I really don't mean anything wrong by that, I only mean that nearly all the names given to the dresses and pyjamas were Spanish, or Basque, as these pyjamas are to be worn at the Lido or around the house at Biarritz.

International Graphic Press

THE SISTERS "G"

Two clever dancers from the Continent who are now appearing in Town. They are dancing at the popular Bat Club in Albemarle Street

ONE pyjama is called "Bilbao." The trousers are dark blue, very long and full, and wound about the waist is a sash of cerise and white *imprimée*, and there is a darling short blue jacket with a scarf and lining of the *imprimée*. Then there is a suit called "Béhobie" that is a masterpiece. The trousers, which fall into great loose pleats at the knee, are of a warm beige shantung, with a brick colour sash, and a white sleeveless shantung top. "Irrigoya" has trousers of pale *boise de rose* cotton *matelessé*. The pockets at the sides are trimmed with three rows of wide cording.

J. M.

I INTERVIEW SARAH SIDDONS

By Hannen Swaffer

In "Wake Up and Dream" there is a most amusing fake interview between Hannen Swaffer (played by Sonnie Hale) and Mrs. Siddons (Ann Codington). Swaffer, not satisfied with the stage version of the interview, has been prompted to ask the great Sarah a few questions that he would ask an actress to-day. Everything in Sarah Siddons' replies is genuine, and taken from authentic sources. Not one word is invented. EDITOR.

HANNEN. Should critics write plays?

SARAH. In my first season at Drury Lane I acted in a farce written by a gentleman of the Press, which was damned. This so exasperated the author that he, blaming me rather than his own imbecility, seized every opportunity of lowering my estimation with the public by attacks, falsely called criticisms, in the public prints. At the end of the season I was informed my services were no longer required at Drury Lane. Yet Lord Erskine said my acting was a school for oratory, and that he had studied my cadences and intonation, and to the harmony of my periods and pronunciation was indebted for his [illegible] . . .

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Did you have rows with the gallery?

SARAH. When Covent Garden Theatre was re-opened in 1809 the O[illegible] Price Riots lasted for weeks. Hours before I went on in *Macbeth* crowds besieged the theatre. When my brother, the great John Kemble, appeared as Macbeth there were cries of hissing, hooting, groans, and cat-calls. The play proceeded in pantomime.

"Not a word was heard," reported the *Covent Garden Journal*, save now and then the deeply modulated tones of the bewitching Siddons. Although disturbed with such clamour, she acted with wonderful composure." If the claimants of oil prices were aggrieved, their only equitable recourse was to keep away from the theatre. They had no more right to injure the furniture of the house and extort terms by howlings, savage dances, and dust-bells than they had to terrify bakers into the sale of cheaper bread.

These riots kept me from the stage for most of the season. It is inconceivable how the public submits to be thus dictated to by a handful of imperious and intoxicated men.

Yet when my farewell performance was given in *Macbeth* three years later the excitement was so great during the sleep-walking scene that the audience stood on the benches and demanded that the performance should end there. When the curtain had been dropped for twenty minutes I came forward amidst a perfect thunderstorm of applause, which endured many moments. Silence being obtained, I recited an address and broke down.

"Of actors," said Lord Byron, "Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, and Kean the medium between the two, but Mrs. Siddons was worth them all."

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Is it true that you were mean?

SARAH. I admit that a rude man called Oxberry said he could not remember that I was ever guilty of a generous action. That was scandalous. They started a rumour that a sister of mine walked about on crutches, afflicted with rheumatism, and that I refused her relief. I was advised to prosecute her, but my religion forbade my subjecting any fellow-creature to punishment.

I prefer to remind you about what the great Dr. Johnson said of me. "Neither praise nor money, the two most powerful corrupters of mankind," he remarked, "seems to have depraved her."

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Did you ever get the bird?

SARAH. Yes, but it was not my fault. When I played Horatio in Whitehead's play *The Roman Father* it was a great trial.

The revolting story with its languid dialogue was unworthy of my powers, declared the poet Thomas Campbell.

I know some critics said that both my brother and I produced effects in acting that could not be anticipated from reading the play, but one of them did remark that, in the climax of opprobrium which Horatio casts upon her brother, I threw an emphasis on the word "Roman" that was felt most powerfully.

HANNEN. Yes, I know. But you were a frost in *Edwy and Elgiva*.

SARAH. It was not my fault that I died a stage death amid general laughter. Miss Burney, the authoress, had introduced three bishops as characters, the silly woman not knowing that Bishop then meant a kind of negus or punch. When,

Guttenberg

SWAFFER AND MRS. SIDDONS

Sonnie Hale as Hannen Swaffer and Ann Codington as Mrs. Siddons in a scene from "Wake Up and Dream," the Cochran revue at the London Pavilion

unacquainted with the language of taverns, she made the King exclaim, in an early scene, "Bring in the Bishop," the silly audience roared with laughter. Then they were unkind enough to laugh at my death scene, the brutes! The stupid producer had put an elegant couch behind a hedge, and when they carried me on the stage on this, and I died on it, the cruel audience, not knowing what I was suffering, laughed all the time I was dying, and I was carried off amid roars of mirth.

* * *

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Did you have champagne after a first night?

SARAH. No, I drank beer. One night it was so hot when I was acting that I was tortured with thirst, and so my dresser said to a boy, "Run quickly, and fetch a pint of beer for Mrs. Siddons." When he returned with the tankard and asked "Where is Mrs. Siddons?" the scene-shifter pointed to me.

I was on the stage acting Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene. To the horror of all, the boy walked on the stage and, with total unconsciousness of any propriety, tried to give me the beer. My distress may be imagined. I waved the boy away in my grand manner several times without effect. At last the people behind the scenes got him off with the beer, while the audience roared with laughter, which could not be quelled even by my dignity.

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Did you go to parties?

SARAH. I told Lady Cook very seriously that it suited neither my studies nor my inclinations to be engaged in parties, from which I begged most earnestly to be excused. When I went to her I found a sudden influx of such a throng of people as I had never before seen in any house. They stopped every attempt I made to escape. I was therefore obliged, in a state of indescribable mortification, to sit quietly down till I know not what hour in the morning. For hours before I went the room was so painfully crowded that people stood on chairs round the walls so that they might stare at me. It was not my fault.

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Were there any bogus managers?

SARAH. Even at Drury Lane Sheridan did not pay me any money for months and, in 1796, all my last benefit, a very great one, was swept into his treasury. I did not see a shilling of it. Indeed, my husband had to put the matter in his lawyers' hands; and because of Sheridan's personified uncertainty as to money matters my brother resigned his office as manager. Still, Sheridan got me back the next year.

Sheridan was the greatest phenomenon that Nature has produced for centuries. Our theatre went on, to the astonishment of everybody. Very few of the actors were paid, and all vowed to withdraw themselves, yet still we went on.

HANNEN. Yes, I know. What was your worst notice?

SARAH. When I was good enough to play in *Macbeth* in 1819, five years after I took leave of the stage—I gave public readings with great *éclat* and great profit and then suffered myself to be prevailed upon to return on particular occasions—some cruel man said that the loss of my teeth rendered my articulation very indistinct. I occasionally whistled, the brute said, "and this, as the character is not a musical one, was by no means effective." Yet the public cheered me.

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Did celebrities go to the theatre in your day?

SARAH. Sir Joshua Reynolds often came to see me act. He liked my costumes and praised me for wearing my hair without powder, which, at that time, was used in great profusion, with a reddish-brown tint, and a great quantity of pomatum which, well kneaded together, modelled the women's tresses into large curls like demi-cannon. My locks were generally braided into a small compass so as to show the size and shape of my head. This, to the great painter's eye, was an agreeable departure from the mode. My short waist, too, pleased him because of its contrast to the long, stiff stays and hoop petticoats then the fashion. Reynolds always sat in the orchestra, and in that place were to be seen, O glorious constellation, Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham, and the illustrious Fox, of whom it was frequently said that iron tears were drawn from Pluto's gloomy cheeks.

These great men would often visit my dressing-room after the play and honour me with their applauses. I must repeat, O glorious days! Neither did his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales withhold his testimony of his approbation. Indeed, these gentlemen said that Garrick's conduct towards me was caused by his jealousy.

* * *

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Were you pestered to act for charity?

SARAH. Once, in Dublin, an actor called Digges had a paralytic stroke when he was rehearsing with me. Someone came and told me it would be a charitable action if I would perform in a benefit play for him. I first said I had only one night to spare and I was engaged in honour to play for the Marshalsea prisoners. What an artful and fiend-like use was made of this refusal, this although I immediately changed my mind and acted at a Digges' benefit. Even then I was accused of charging Digges £50 for playing at his benefit. The falsehood spread to London, and, although Digges just before he died owned that I had played for him for nothing, my slanderers had spread the statement that I was avaricious, uncharitable, and slow to lend my aid to unfortunate fellow-players, so that when I next appeared at Drury Lane I was received with hissing and hooting and stood the object of public scorn. I made a speech to the audience, and, from that time forth, the generous public received my *entrée* each succeeding night with shouts, huzzas, and waving of handkerchiefs.

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Why did you go on the stage?

SARAH. My father and mother were both strolling players. Mother's father was an actor, who warned her against marrying one. Indeed, I was born in a public-house at Brecon when father was acting there. My father did not want us to go on the stage, but some of us did. Two of these became John Kemble and Sarah Siddons. The time came when I warned my children. One son ignored my wishes. I first went on as a girl prodigy, and I was so young that the gallery roared and jeered; this until my mother led me to the front of the stage and made me recite "The Fable of the Boys and the Frogs." Then I was a success.

* * *

HANNEN. Yes, I know. Were rival stars jealous?

SARAH. When I had been a great success in Liverpool Garrick heard of me and gave me £5 a week at Drury Lane, though, as he did not use me properly, he probably wanted to stop my going to a rival theatre. He shelved me either from a mean opinion of my talent or a fear of my powers. Strange as it may seem, his jealousy even of a female performer was consistent with the tenor of his general conduct. In my second season I only got ten guineas a week, and two years after £24 10s.

"Garrick," in the words of Oxberry, "was great as an actor but contemptible as a man, a cormorant for applause, a glutton where flattery was the dish. Nor could he bear anyone to share it with him."

When Arne offered him my services why did he refuse me aid? Did he sing himself? No. Then could I be his rival? No.

"The petty tyrant knew her vocal exertions would create applause," said Oxberry, "and the sound of it was a thunderbolt to him unless he was the object of it."

Yet Hazlitt said of me that I was "not less than a goddess, or a prophetess inspired by the gods."

HANNEN. Yes, I know. I read something like that once about Lady Diana Duff-Cooper in an amateur show at Daly's.

H. S.

BY H. K. ELCOCK

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FILM NOTES

SCENES FROM THE "SHOW BOAT"

Capt. Andy Hawks's floating theatre steaming down the Mississippi to delight the inhabitants of a riverside town. One of the charming scenes in "Show Boat," the film which is drawing vast crowds to the Tivoli

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

I WAS more moved by the spectacle of the showboat itself steaming round the vast bends of the Mississippi to the triumphant strains of its calliope band than by the subsequent adventures of any of the characters. Here, one felt, was romance and beauty and colour and gaiety, and what more can one desire from any film? Harry Pollard, director of "Show Boat," has succeeded most admirably in capturing the very spirit of that lazy, sun-baked Southern atmosphere so vividly described by Miss Edna Ferber, and his floating theatre with its troupe of mummers is no cinema make-believe, but the real thing in all its splendour.

THE only drawback to this film is its length—so much that was charming and witty and dramatic in the book becomes inevitably tedious when translated to the medium of the screen, yet, in spite of the fact that "Show Boat," as a spectacle, lasts half an hour too long, it is so infinitely superior to most films that one can but counsel the whole world to go and see it at the Tivoli.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY, the early scenes are enchanting, and it is perhaps because of this pictorial beauty that the characters themselves emerge a little dwarfed by the vastness of the river that dominates the whole story. Emily Fitzroy, however, gives a magnificent performance as the formidable Parthenia, cleverly managing to invest this unsympathetic part with something that is very touching and at times beautiful. Her voice, too, is excellent. Laura La Plante, as Magnolia, seems far more lachrymose than I remember the heroine of the book, who was surely a merry, high-spirited, and dauntless girl. Miss La Plante is none of these things. Joseph Schildkraut plays Gaylord Ravenal with great fire, and is well suited to the role of the handsome, reckless gambler, and Alma Rubens is admirably cast as the dark, tragic Julie, although I was disappointed that the dramatic discovery of her negro blood should have been omitted while so many less dramatic incidents are retained.

Joseph Schildkraut as the gambler Gaylord Ravenal, who turns actor, with Magnolia (Laura La Plante), whom he marries

THE originality, spectacular beauty, and interesting story of "Show Boat" make it easily the most remarkable firm sent to us from America for many months.

"The Letter" Lisps!

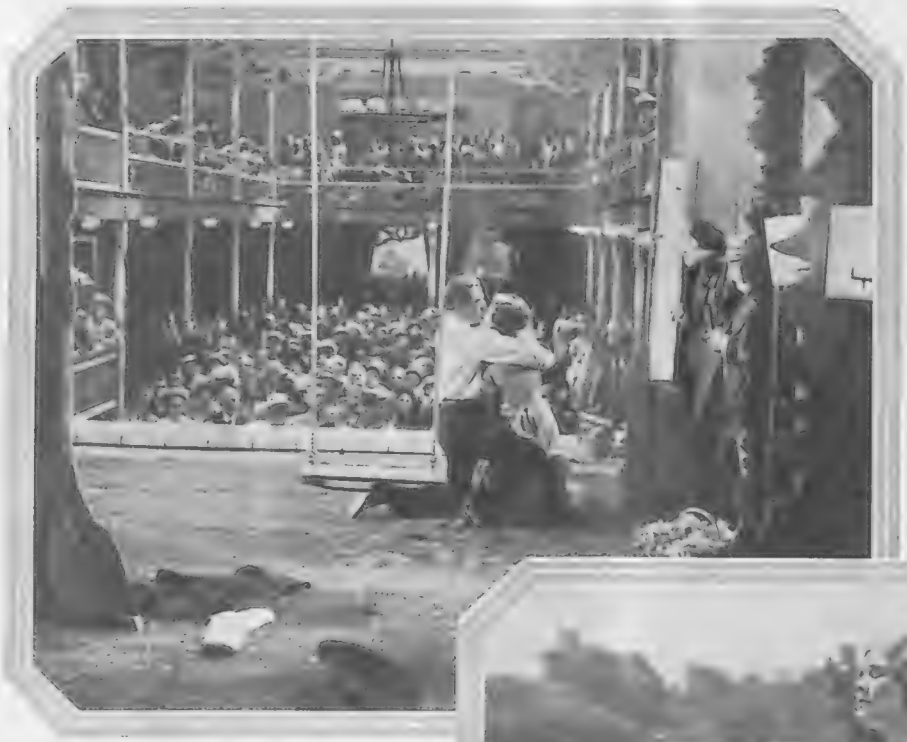
WHENEVER I see and hear in a talking film a charming English actor with a clear voice he is remorselessly and irrevocably killed off in the first reel. Not long ago John Loder suffered this sad fate in the "Doctor's Secret"; this week Herbert Marshall, to whose resonant accents I listened affectionately amidst a storm of lisping and whirring, is cruelly and almost instantaneously murdered in the first sequence of "The Letter." It is really most exasperating.

OF "The Letter" as a mechanical success I regret that I cannot speak very highly. The remarkable clarity of "The Doctor's Secret" led us to expect something even better, since the most influential members of the English

THAT FATAL LISP

stage were invited to the private view of the former film at the Plaza; I can only say that the occasion was one of triumph for the most confirmed anti-film-goer among them.

PERSONALLY, I am inclined to the belief that Somerset Maugham's brilliant play has failed as a talkie chiefly because its star, Miss Jeanne Eagels, is totally unsuited to this experimental medium. I have seen Miss Eagels in New York, where she played the chief role in "Rain" with enormous success, and I cherish only the most felicitous memories of her performance in this play, but the melancholy fact persists that not always does the big star of the footlights succeed equally well before the camera and the microphone, and Miss Eagels, playing Gladys Cooper's part in "The Letter," contrives to be practically unintelligible from start to finish. I caught sight, by the way, of Miss Cooper herself in the audience of this private view; I have no means of knowing whether she arrived at the theatre feeling apprehensive or not, but she certainly had no reason to be so at the end of the film, for her laurels were never safer.



Gaylord and Magnolia put so much feeling into their parts during the playing of one of the Showboat's melodramas that Parthenia Hawks, splendidly played by Emily Fitzroy, promptly resolves to fire the former

I HEARD with ease literally only two of Miss Eagel's remarks during the whole of this picture. Once was when she besought Mr. Marshall not to treat her "like a dawg," and the other was when, giving evidence at the trial, she observed of the defunct Mr. Marshall that he had attacked her "more like a thavage than a man."

FOR it is useless to deny that the lisping of "The Letter" is quite disastrous; poor Miss Eagels appears to labour under some frightful impediment in her speech, and other members of the cast seem similarly afflicted. A Chinese woman (name unknown to me) acted with considerable subtlety until the moment came for her to talk, when she immediately became so obscure that she might have been speaking her native language for all that I understood of her discourse. Only Herbert Marshall uttered words in any way comprehensible to me, and, as I have remarked before, he was swiftly sent to his death.

MISS EAGELS, highly strung, hollow cheeked, nervous of manner, and feverish of eye, gives one the impression of much emotional capacity, and I feel certain that, had her voice recorded properly, she would have given an interesting performance as the bored, bitter woman who, driven mad by long years in the tropics, shoots her faithless lover not once, but many times, until her revolver smokes empty in her hand and her fiendish rage is exhausted. I would, however, counsel the Plaza management to remove some quite irrelevant scenes depicting a battle to the death between a cobra and a mongoose. They are unpleasant and utterly pointless. Meanwhile, this time, I think we can say that the Theatres have triumphed over the Talkies. . . .

AT a luncheon given in London on April 29 to Mr. Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Bros.' Pictures, Mr. Warner told how he and his brothers became interested in adding sound to the silent screen, and that the present wave of popularity of talking films is a result of a tremendous outlay of life, untiring effort, and many millions of pounds. He expressed the hope that the talking film would be the means of making the peoples of the world talk a universal language and cease to hate each other.

Gaylord Ravenal, broken and dispirited, returns to his wife, Magnolia, when the latter succeeds her mother, Parthenia, in charge of the floating theatre. The final scene in the great film "Show Boat"

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THE DRAUGHT IN THE NIGHT

with Oli Jerra as a he-man's wife

"The hand that steals the bottle blights the home"

A WORTHINGTON ALL-BRITISH PRODUCTION

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

YOUNG WOMEN, SURPLUS & OTHERWISE

By RALPH STRAUS

Of all the many women who have strayed into the novels which I have been reading recently, I think I have been best pleased with Miss Milly Steptoe. She is decidedly not beautiful, and she is not very clever. She has never heard of Professor Freud, and she has never tasted a cocktail. She wears spectacles which do not possess tortoiseshell rims, and I fancy that even her best clothes are not very fashionable. She is not "a lady." As a matter of fact, she is little more than a maid-of-all-work in an Oxford lodging-house, and the gentlemen of the University do not run after her. She has very few friends. And she dares to scandalise everybody by falling in love with—of all impossible people—a wretched little Hindu undergraduate.

❋

You may meet Milly Steptoe in Mr. John Eyton's new novel, *Mr. Ram* (Arrowsmith: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and I would wager quite a respectable sum that you will share my affections for her. Mr. Eyton, it seems, has written several novels about Indian life, but I do not remember ever to have read one. Judging by *Mr. Ram*, this must be my loss, for this book is unusually good. The whole simple story is told through Milly's own mind. Mr. Ram comes, a rather pathetic figure, to Milly's uncle's house as a freshman considerably out of water, and she mothers him. He may be, as her uncle, a college scout, maintains, a pop-eyed bloke, he may be wholly ignored by his fellow-undergraduates — he, as it happens, is the only "black man" in his college—he may even be prone to little exaggerations about the position he and his family occupy in his own country, but there is nobody else for whom she can care, and nobody else who will care for him.

❋

What begins as pity soon changes to love. He may be "black," but what matter? She is surely to be allowed to fall in love as she pleases. Is she not an orphan, and, with £65 in the savings bank, practically her own mistress? And does he not return her love? Yes, they become engaged. Milly, however, is not one of the lucky ones. She is discovered in his room at an unseemly hour; nobody will believe the innocent truth; a bewildered and forlorn but angry Mr. Ram is "sent down."

❋

And it is then that an outraged Milly confronts an unsympathetic dean, and quarrels violently with her family, and rises to the heights. It is entirely due to her that the miserable little rat of a fellow is packed off to India, and it is she who makes him understand what conduct a respectable English girl expects and requires from her future husband. They part, but only for a time. A telegram sends her post haste to India, and once there. . . .

MISS DORIS LESLIE *Lenare*

Whose latest novel, "The Echoing Green" (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd., 7s. 6d.), has just been published. Her earlier novels, "Fools in Mortar" and "The Starling," were marked successes

I have no intention of giving away Mr. Eyton's admirable plot, but I can say unreservedly that his book is delightfully done. Milly's pathetic story is told in just the right way, and the portrait of the Hindu could hardly be bettered. One is touched and amused and genuinely entertained. As a rule, I dislike "Indian" stories, but I am more than glad to have been introduced, however late in the day, to Mr. Eyton's work.

❋

A very different young woman is Fay Sharow, the "surplus" girl, more or less forced to earn her own living, of Mr. James Wedgwood Drawbell's first novel, *This Year, Next Year. . . .* (Werner Laurie: 7*s.* 6*d.*). The publishers describe her as "one of the most lovable characters in modern fiction," but with this enthusiastic verdict I cannot wholly agree. Fay is interesting enough, but hardly "lovable." I will not call her "hard" or "unscrupulous," but her journalistic career is not free from blemish.

❋

On the other hand, she is, I suppose, "up against it." She is one of those feminine two millions about whom the sociologists have so much to tell us. She is no longer able, even were she willing, which is not very likely, to remain decorously quiescent in the clerical drawing-room at home. She wants her "good time," and takes steps to obtain it, and if our grandmothers might not have approved of such steps, well, poor dears, their day is not ours.

❋

Mr. Drawbell's book is lively enough. The woman's residential club, where Fay plays at work while her father's money lasts, is a pretty little vignette, and the newspaper scenes, in spite of one rather odd coincidence, which, in my opinion, seems dreadfully artificial, read like the truth. The writing is not distinguished, but one does get a good idea of the hectic affairs to which Fay and her like are forced these days to give their attention.

❋

And then there is Theo Van Tal, whose not undramatic history Miss Doris Leslie gives us in her new novel, *The Echoing Green* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.*). By this time I know her story backwards. I know that the girl who is "drawn" towards one man and "in love" with another is going to have a fairly poor time. As a child Theo plays with Luke, but Luke's mother is "not approved," and they lose touch with one another. A personable Colin comes on the scene, and he kisses very beautifully indeed. They marry in the War years, and he comes through safely, but other women exist, even though they do not necessarily belong to the two million, and that is a fact which, unfortunately, he cannot forget. Theo takes temporary refuge in novel writing, Luke reappears as a successful painter, there is talk of a divorce, but Theo herself has inherited certain traditions of family duty, and one says good-bye to her, presuming that other novels from her pen will be published at regular intervals in the future. That, poor dear, is about all she can do with her life.

❋

Here, again, there is a complete absence of distinction in the writing, but considerable skill in the portraiture. An elderly Aunt Philippa

Within the old baronial hall
Baron and serf were held in thrall
By tales of Arthur's gallant knights
And Roland's strife with pagan wights.
The storyteller learned by rote
And passed on what his fathers taught
And if he heard another's story
He told it too, for added glory.
So, if one had a new edition
He viewed the rest with deep suspicion
'Til they invented copyright
And pledged themselves in Black and White.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 318)

is quite delightful, and Colin emerges very clearly. As for Theo herself, she, I think, might with reason have been described by her publishers as lovable. It is quite a pleasant little love-story, but I hope that in her next book Miss Leslie will find a more original setting and perhaps a novel idea for her work.

❋

HUGE quantities, I hear, of an American story called *The Happy Mountain* (Philip Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Maristan Chapman, have already been sold in the States. I was not surprised. It has points about it, and the idea of a simple young man of the hills setting out on his feet to have a look at the world, coming to a busy American city, finding it not at all to his taste, and returning by express train to the mountain girl whom he ought never to have left, would naturally appeal to Main Street.

❋

BUT will the book, good and delightfully fresh though it is, repeat its success in this country? I am a little doubtful. Personally, I enjoyed young Waits Lowe's adventures, and fully appreciated his changing points of view. I liked the things that he said and did, and approved of his treatment of his rival for the fair Dena's hand. But I confess that Mr. Chapman's language occasionally, if perhaps irrationally, irritated me. "He cooked him a rasher" may be good English, though I should prefer "himself" to "him," but when it or its like is repeated on every page it is apt to become tiring.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

THE OTHER SIDE OF MAIN STREET. By Wilder Buell. (Longmans: 7s. 6d.)
DAVID FRAZER—A GREAT MAN. By Walter Vodges. (Longmans: 7s. 6d.)
DOUBLE NINES. By Sinclair Murray. (John Murray: 7s. 6d.)
FLOWERDOWN. By Anna Knox. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
THE RED SLAYER. By Edward Leslie. (Herbert Jenkins: 7s. 6d.)
JINGLING IN THE WIND. By E. Madox Roberts. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)
THE WANDERER. By Alain Fournier. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
THE KING'S CANDLE. By E. Temple Thurston. (Putnams: 7s. 6d.)
THE ISLAND OF BEYOND. By John Paris. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE GREEN DIAMOND MYSTERY. By Francis D. Grierson. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE TROUT INN TRAGEDY. By Winifred Greenleaves. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE PATIENT IN ROOM 18. By M. G. Eberhart. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)
MR. THAKE. By Beachcomber. (Bles: 7s. 6d.)
THE DAUGHTER OF LEAR. By D. C. F. Harding. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

THE TRIAL OF T. H. ALLAWAY. By W. Lloyd Woodland. (Bles: 10s. 6d.)
SOLO WHIST AND AUCTION SOLO. By Basil Dalton. (Richards Press: 2s.)
CONTRACT BRIDGE. By Basil Dalton. (Richards Press: 2s.)
ANNE STUART. By Beatrice Curtis Brown. (Bles: 10s. 6d.)
THE LIBERAL OUTLOOK. By Hubert Phillips. (Chapman and Hall: 5s.)
THE SAVAGE AS HE REALLY IS. By J. H. Driberg. (Routledge: 6d.)
EUROPE THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By Norman H. Baynes and Eileen Power. (Routledge: 6d.)
FROM MONKEY TO MAN. By L. H. Dudley Buxton. (Routledge: 6d.)
THE NURSERY YEARS. By Susan Isaacs. (Routledge: 6d.)

NEVERTHELESS, this is a book to read. These mountain folk may be simple and hide-bound, but at least they have virility and virtue. Young Lowe himself is a "great boy," and deserves a novel to himself. In particular, it is pleasant to get away for a while from cocktails and jazz into the woods and over the hills.

❋

FINALLY, a word, and little more is necessary, about Mr. A. P. Herbert's *Topsy, M.P.* (Benn: 6*s.*). You will probably have heard of this lady, even if you have not yet read much about her. She adorned the pages of *Punch*, and already has one book devoted to her piquant self. And you may remember that when the admirable Haddock was unseated, Topsy, like a good wife, entered Parliament in his stead. So here you see her governing us as we ought to be governed. I notice with surprise that the book is not dedicated to the Home Secretary, but that is the only criticism I can find to make. It is all the best of good fun, and I hope that some day Mr. Herbert will tell us what sort of a parent Topsy makes. Quite a good one, I fancy. R. S.

Coming of Age in Samoa, by Margaret Mead, published by Cape. The author is one of the youngest anthropologists connected with the American Museum of Natural History. The publishers tell us that it is a study of primitive youth, and that she found in Samoa not only an entire absence of the problems of adolescence, but an amused disbelief of their existence.

The PERIL of SLAM TEMPTATION

By "ACES EASY"

IN the course of four sessions of Contract, in which I participated on four successive evenings recently, I saw nine slams attempted—three by my partner and myself (we played partnership), and six by the opposition; all but one failed. In only one of the eight failures was the distribution so unreasonable that the bid was justified despite its cost. On the other seven occasions, the hundreds of points were cast away through grasping at the shadow to lose the substance. I would, in the light of this experience, urge all players to be content to make slams having bid game, rather than to bid slams and fail to make them.

❋

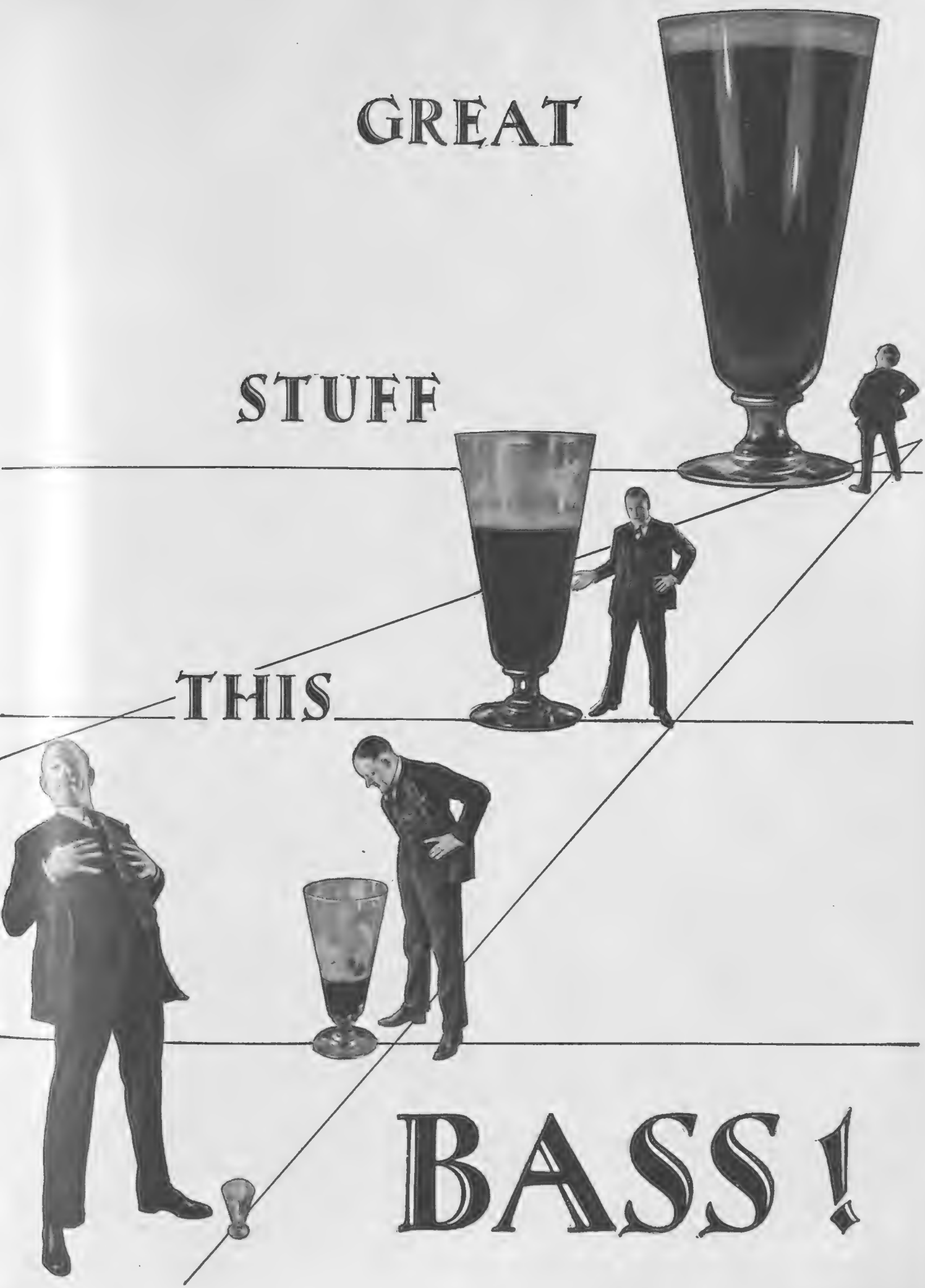
CONSIDER this combination of cards bid by my partner and myself: I dealt and held: Spades, A-K-Q-10-x-x-x; Hearts, A-x-x; Diamonds, K-x; Clubs, x; and went two spades; my partner gave me a jump to three, and I went four hearts. This cost me nothing, as, had my partner nothing further to show, he could "stop" with four spades. He, however, went five diamonds, and I to six diamonds to show the king. My partner then closed at six spades. When the hand went down, he showed the diamond ace, the heart queen, two spades, and nothing else of value. We lost two hearts and one club. Yet, according to the authorities, the bidding was not open to criticism. Even if the king of hearts had sat correctly, I was one down.

❋

IT would have been better, of course, to have got the game and, if possible, an overtrick—but if once you embark on slam bidding you will seldom have the control to pull up. Regard a case when we made a consoling 1,000 points: dealer on my right went two clubs; I was discreet, said "No bid," and, although I had a defensive call, I prepared for the "Silence Trap"—*i.e.*, lurking on a good hand. Third hand, with the ace-king of diamonds showed them, bidding two, and my partner, on a bad hand, signified his acceptance by passing. Dealer showed the heart ace, going two, and third hand showed the second diamond trick, going three. The dealer counted up. He had only the spades to fear, in which he was single; his partner had two diamond tricks, he had the heart ace and six clubs to tierce major—it seemed six clubs, two diamonds, one heart certain, count one for the play of the hand—ten tricks. To go game means a bid of eleven tricks, and partner is asking for slams—bid twelve. At the six-club bid I breathed a prayer of praise, and remarked, "I double." I held: king-queen-ten to four hearts; ace-king to three spades; four clubs to the jack; and jack doubleton of diamonds. One thousand points to the troops—and very nice, too. The path of the optimistic contractor is thorny.

❋

WHILE on the subject of this hand I must warn my readers that the "Two-club" bid which initiated this hand has a conventional meaning in some circles. It is a forcing bid to show a minor two-suiter: Spades, x; Hearts, x-x; Diamonds, A-K-Q-x-x; Clubs, A-K-J-x-x; for example. Two diamonds are bid to show a major two-suiter. I will deal with this convention and the "challenge" and "kick it" conventions at length next week.


GREAT
STUFF
THIS
BASS!

RIVIERA (continued from page 306)

expression. She was staring at him with utter amazement, as she might at an animal who had suddenly spoken.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!"

A wave of laughter swept over her.

He stared at her, breathing heavily. As she laughed, tears coming to her eyes, her nightdress slipped over her shoulder. Then, as though alarmed at the noise she was making, she bent her head convulsively to her knees, trying to stifle her laughter.

"You dear old sentimentalist!" she whispered.

"So that's what you think, is it?" he said harshly, out loud. He did not care if he awoke the house.

She looked up sharply, startled at his loud voice. Ah, she was afraid now. He stumbled towards the bed, wrinkling his forehead in an idiotic frown. He could not make up his mind whether she was afraid or not. Staring at him, she seemed to have dropped into thought.

"Really, this is too much!" she addressed the air around her.

Her calmness unnerved him, and he almost stumbled over something. He looked down stupidly and saw it was one of her slippers. Then he heard a light thud. She was beside him, unnaturally small, and very beautiful. He wanted to ask her pardon, but could do nothing but stare at his feet. When he raised his eyes he saw she was looking at him with amused distaste.

He felt the blood pounding against his temples. She looked at him like that, did she? And the woman had on a nightdress a fellow could see everything through, every bit of her lithe, soft limbs, as though she were on show.

"Do get out now," she said quietly.

Her expression of amused contempt enraged him. Looking at her limbs through her nightdress, he wrinkled his nose with disgust.

"So you like to pick and choose, do you?" he muttered, beside himself.

As she made a small grimace at having this inexplicable scene forced on her he lost all control over himself. He caught her throat with one hand and shook her violently. She hadn't the strength of a kitten. Now he knew why he had come into her room. These women thought they could do what they liked and never be paid out for it. His fingers sank into her soft throat, the sensation giving him infinite pleasure. She stared at him without a word, as though fascinated by terror. She swayed limply to and fro, with a silly expression on her face. Suddenly she stumbled to her knees on the floor. The fall took him by surprise, and her throat slipped from his fingers. He stared down at her, frowning, then looked vaguely about the room. He heard her moaning. What had he done? Oh, God, what had he done? She sat on the floor moaning gently, her fingers feeling her throat. In her fall her nightdress had slipped down, and she was naked to the waist.

His eyes filled with tears, and he began speaking incoherently. She sat feeling her throat, moaning gently, as though he were not there.

His tears choked him. Falling to his knees beside her, he pressed his wet face against her breasts. In broken sentences he told her of his dreams and of his loneliness and of his love. She stared down at the head pressed against her body with an unseeing expression. He went on, gasping out his broken confession, but she seemed to be thinking of other things. Then she began playing idly with his greying hair. At last silent, he still clung to her convulsively, his head slipping down to her thighs and resting there as though for punishment.

She seemed to notice him for the first time. She looked at him pensively, as though trying to fix the relationship of this poor incoherent being to herself. Suddenly a smile floated into her eyes. She seemed surprised at its coming, seemed to wonder whether she should let it stay. Her eyes opened wide. Then a look of self-conscious tenderness passed over her face. Gently, she raised his head.

* * * *

Young Maple left the house early the next morning, neither Beulah nor Hemingway seeing him go. Hemingway stayed on with Beulah. At the end of the first week he asked her to marry him, and she refused him quite kindly. He stayed on two more weeks, boring her with his unhappy self-recriminatory silences. Also, she regretted young Maple.

M. A.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND St LONDON
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

The Flying Squad

POST DATES

By D. A. B.

You can't blame a girl for taking the best market, where it's a question of real importance. And you can quite understand a chap preferring to go to a whoopee party instead of dining as arranged with his aunt.

But you can kick at the man or girl who accepts an even number invitation knowing full well that he will cut it if anything better turns up; and rings up at the last moment to say that he (or more often she) is most terribly sorry, she feels absolutely like death, and she does hope it won't matter, etc.

The fact is that my generation—which is a young one—is damn slack about keeping dates. If we do keep them, we are usually late. It is tradition for a woman to keep a man waiting for a few minutes; but nowadays she seems to think it's a social blunder to be punctual.

Being late is not so crimson as cutting a date altogether; and this latter is so prevalent that the reliable date-keeper is an exception. An appointment has lost its old significance; it is no longer respected for its own sake; it is now merely kept according to its power of attraction.

This date slackness on the part of young people affords the older generation a justifiable outlet for abuse. So, if an invitation looks like being wet—refuse it as soon as it's offered. Leave them time to get someone else. If you take a risk on a wet date, and accept, stick to it, even if the most superlative last-minute invitation comes along.

* * * * *

The House of Pope & Bradley is young and virile in its ideas, and has an appreciation of modern youth, but—it always keeps its appointments. Your clothes will always be ready for a fitting at the specified time—however many last minute "rush" orders are received from possibly more celebrated or distinguished clients. We can, if necessary, build clothes within three or four days. But if we are asked to undertake a rush order, and are not sure that it can be satisfactorily completed to time, we refuse the order, because we rely upon each individual production to enhance the reputation of our name.

Lounge Suits from ten to fourteen guineas, Dinner Suits from fourteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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GET A KENSITAS 'FLAT FIFTY' TO-DAY!

Price half-a-crown. (And, of course, you can buy the same good Kensitas at ten for sixpence or twenty for a shilling)

DOGS

THE POPULAR PS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THIS week sees London even more than normally the doggy centre of the British world, for, while the world's best Terriers were on parade at Olympia yesterday, to-day (Wednesday) and to-morrow give us in the same favoured venue the Ladies' Kennel Association's Show, with big entries of every known breed.

IT is announced that Spillers will bench and feed for that always attractive *al fresco* event, the Richmond Show, which will be held this year in the Old Deer Park on July 9, and that its secretarial headquarters (like those of several other coming events) are the Dog Owners' Club in Hyde Park Place—a visit to which, by the way, is an interesting little experience to be recommended to all amateurs of Dogs.

IT is just upon sixty years now since the Kennel Club first gave official status in this country to that sharp-nosed, sharp-witted little Dog the Pomeranian, of which there are no fewer than ten different colour types in favour. During more than half that period it has faced the competition of its most formidable rival, that ruffling little prince of the East, the Pekingese; and still it holds easily its prominent position as second on the list of the little fellows. The pre-eminence of the Pekes and the Poms is often threatened—on paper and in gossip—and at the moment, for example, a real comeback is promised for the Pugs, who at their best can be splendid little sportsmen, very loyal, intelligent and devoted. Does this popularity of the Ps among little Dogs augur well for the still little-known Papillon? The King Charles and Blenheim Spaniels, with their long-sustained courtly and aristocratic tradition, have gained ground of late. But the modern Pomeranian, weighing half a dozen pounds or less (often freakishly less!), like the Pekingese now very similar in avoirdupois, shows no sign of retirement from the active list of public favour.

AT EXERCISE *Photopress*

Miss Richmond, of Henley-on-Thames, taking five of her thoroughbred Scottish Deerhound puppies out for exercise. She has the largest Scottish Deerhound kennels in England

THE Secretary of the Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly) is a navigator who seems always to be on deck. His editorship of that Dog-man's Bible, "The Kennel Club Stud Book," like his running of the admirable monthly *Kennel Gazette*, has made it by long odds the most serviceable doggy book of reference in the world. The new issue (Vol. 56) is now out, and as a *vade mecum* (if, as I seem to remember, that means "go with me") for Dog owners it is a quite invaluable production: the most essential of all items for the doggy shelf.

Attention, please! Sometimes you can't wash me—I might take cold—but I'll be glad if you will just sprinkle Pulvex (odourless and non-poisonous insect powder) into my coat. Then I'll have no reason to scratch, and you'll have no reason to complain.

Pulvex

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BIG DOGS
LITTLE DOGS
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The Paramount Dog Food.

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The only scientific and practical Puppy-Rearing Food.

Contains all the vitamins for sound development and healthy maturity. Makes puppy-rearing as simple as A.B.C. Two standards: No. 1 for puppies from weaning. No. 2 for puppies from three months old and up.

SPILLERS "SHAPES"
(Assorted Sippets)

The New Small Biscuits for Dogs of every age and breed. Four kinds; four flavours: Ginger, Fruit, Wheatmeal and "Super." Add welcome variety to the menu.

Write for liberal FREE SAMPLES, stating name and address of your dealer.

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THE FIRST CLASSIC OF THE YEAR

"THEY'RE OFF!"

The field of twenty-two at the start of the Two Thousand Guineas. In the next column are published six more horses to be followed next time out. The horses already listed in these pages have given a good account of themselves, and those readers who have followed THE BYSTANDER'S *hints certainly have no ground for regrets*

RACING HINTS

Here are half a dozen horses noted as having performed with great promise at Newmarket. Enter their names in your notebook, and support them each way when they appear in the programme

CAMBRAI
(B. or Br. C., by Chaucer—Anadyomene).
Owner, Lt.-Col. T. Carthew. Trainer, S. Wootton.
Will improve on his running in the Somersham Stakes (seven furlongs) at Newmarket. Was backed at 8 to 1 down to three points less. Finished a bad third to Baldernock. Follow up with each way speculation.

POSTERITY.
(B. C., by Son-in-Law—Hemlock).
Owner, Mrs. C. Glormey. Trainer, Sneyd.
Was quietly backed to win the Hastings Stakes (one mile and a quarter) at Newmarket, but could only get fourth to Winton. Occupied the same position over a mile at Newbury this season.

GREY HILL
(Gr. H., by Tetratema—Bettyhill).
Owner, Sir Chas. Hyde. Trainer, Scobie.
Must have been considered "something good," because he was confidently supported to beat the smart Golden Centipede in the Apprentice Plate (six furlongs) at Newmarket. Finished fourth. Finished third over seven furlongs at the previous Newmarket meeting.

THACKERAY
(B. C., by By George!—To Feu).
Owner, Mr. Sol Joel. Trainer, Earl.
In a great race finished fourth in the Thurlow Handicap (a mile and a half) at Newmarket. Was a "Springer" in the market. Was fourth over the same distance at Epsom.

LADY ABBESS
(B. F., by Friar Marcus—Bay Lady).
Owner, Lady Cunliffe Owen. Trainer, Leach, Senr.
Backed for big money and started odds on in the Wilbraham Stakes (five furlongs) at Newmarket, and only failed by one length to Oceana. She won over the same course in April.

HELVETIC
(Ch. F., by Golden Orb—Helvia).
Owner, Mr. F. B. Barling. Trainer, Barling.
Cleverly ridden by J. Dines, finished close up to Portland and Tommy Atkins in Bretby Handicap (six furlongs) at Newmarket. Was in close company all the way. Ran well at Stockton the previous Saturday.

The finish of the Two Thousand Guineas, won by Major McCaimont's great horse, Mr. Jinks, seen above with H. Beasley up. Starting favourite at 5 to 2, Mr. Jinks beat the second favourite, Lord Astor's Cragadour, by a head

BY BERT WILSON

LOVE BIRDS

O, dear Señorita, I sing of your graces,
For no one looks sweeter in silks and in laces;
Your lips are like rubies, your eyes are like amber,
And oh, how I love you! Carramba! Carramba!!

and...

Player's Please

the Ladies, too!

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PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. 10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 11½d

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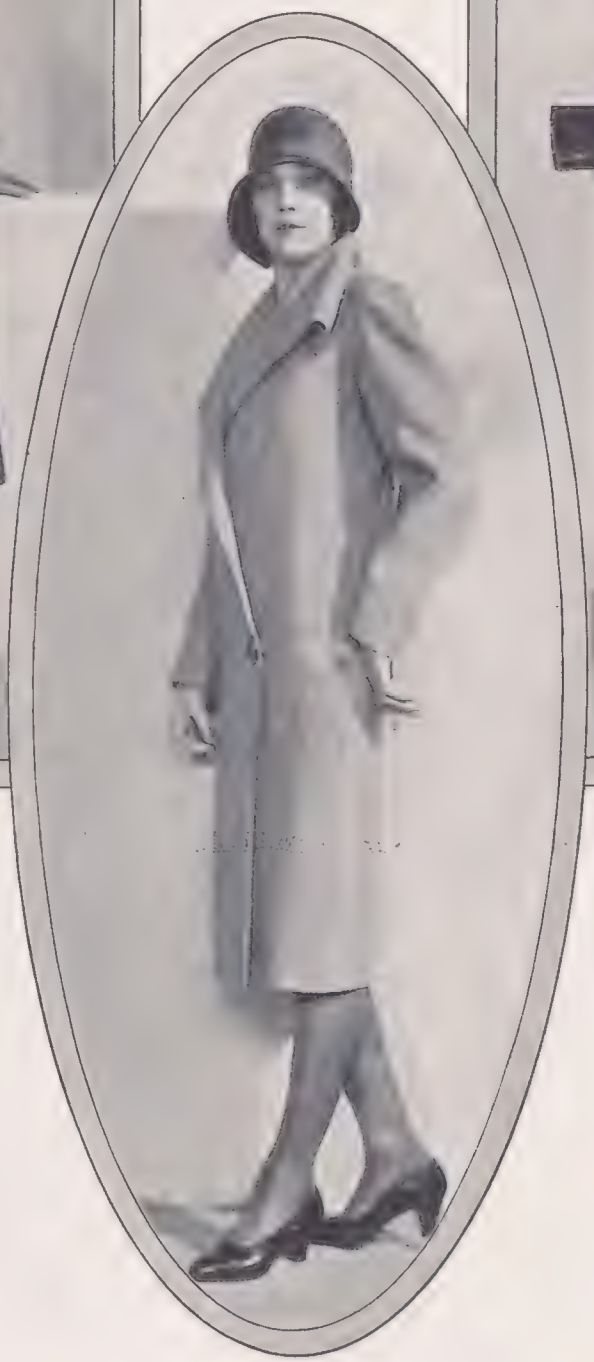
Fashion's Fancies

SPRING COATS

Indistinct Checks, Plaids, and Herring-bone Patterns are Favoured for Tailored Garments



The long coat has an indispensable place in fashionable ensembles. This Spring perfectly tailored wraps, cut on classic lines, are enjoying a vogue. Some are quite straight, and some are slightly flared. Cape backs make their appearance, and loose panels, basques, or shaped hems add versatility and provide ample opportunities for every woman to wear what is most becoming to her. Rows of decorative stitching, applied bands, and incrustations make their simplicity more apparent than real, while scarf collars or those which are expressed in light furs are regarded as equally correct

An irreproachable coat for formal wear is portrayed on the left of this page. It is made of blue and grey flecked Cashmere, and its beautiful lines are accented by the seams which decorate the upper part. Light grey squirrel forms the collar and the novel trimming on the sleeves. The Cheviot coat on the right is overchecked in brown and red, with insets of glazed red leather. They come from Burberrys, Haymarket, and so does the one in the centre, which is carried out in pastel shades of beige and grey. It has checked panels, which give it a very slenderising effect

THE JOYS OF SUMMER

The little girl wears an "Agatha" frock of flowered organdi, while the boy is proud of his Buster suit of cream and cinnamon-coloured Tricoline

England's Shores

THE shores of England this summer will certainly rival the *plages* of Southern France, at any rate so far as colour is concerned, for the sands will be dotted with beach-wraps of vivid hues. Some delightful ones were shown at Gooch's (Knightsbridge) Display of Fashions for the Beach and Sea. Velvet terry towelling was used for a cape which exploited the clear tones of an Italian rug; while another had a bold cubist pattern in orange, flame, yellow and black. Miss Hilda Harding, whose prowess in swimming is known to everybody, explained the advantages of the Jantzen swimming suit. Tightly knitted from long-fibred wool it clings to the figure, fitting it comfortably and smoothly without a wrinkle. Because of its elastic weave it retains its shape in and out of the water, and it never shrinks. There are colour schemes for the blonde, the brunette, and the Titian. Charming bathing caps were another feature of this parade, and they very cleverly combined practicability with decorative qualities.

The Rising Generation

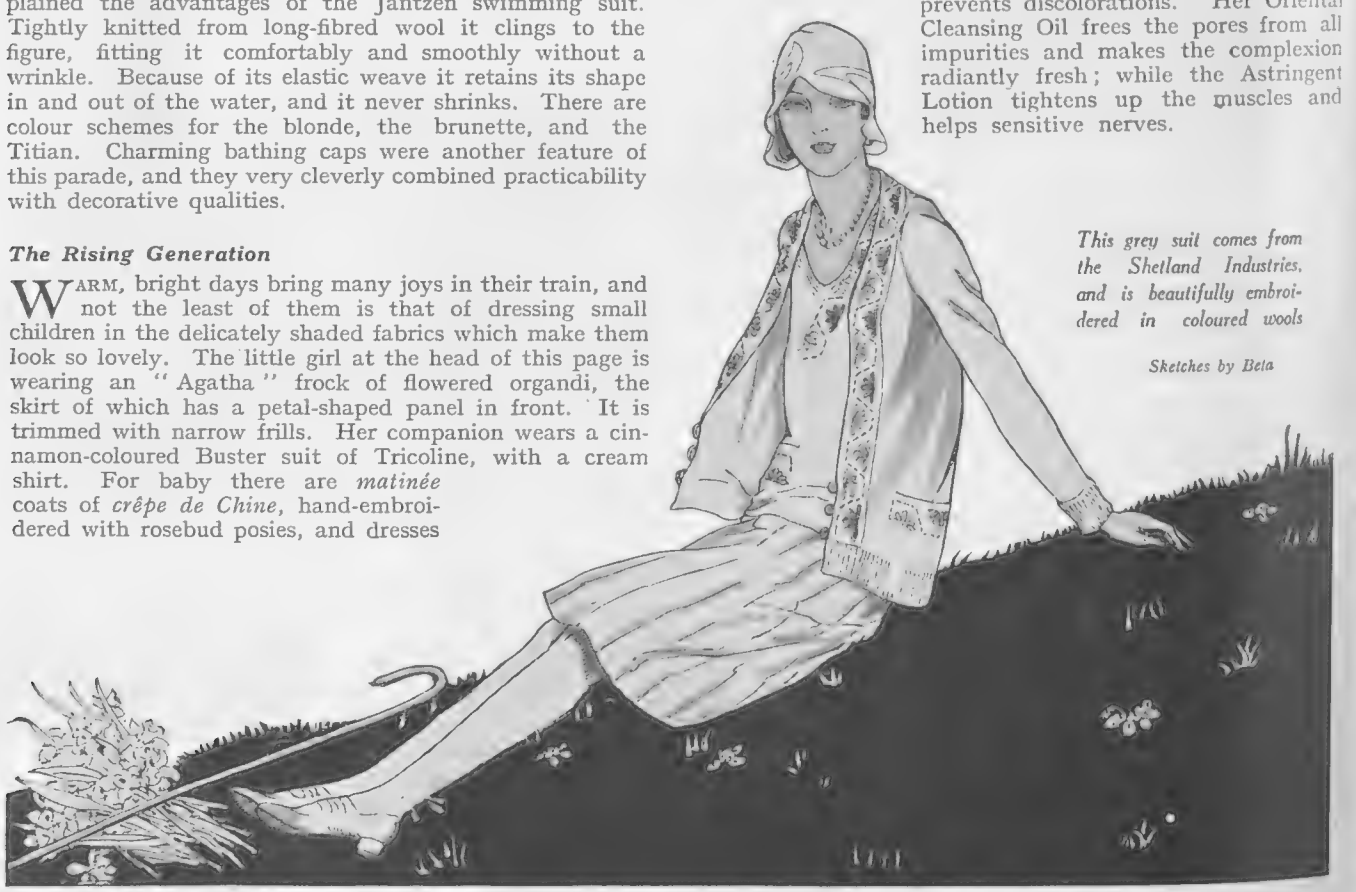
WARM, bright days bring many joys in their train, and not the least of them is that of dressing small children in the delicately shaded fabrics which make them look so lovely. The little girl at the head of this page is wearing an "Agatha" frock of flowered organdi, the skirt of which has a petal-shaped panel in front. It is trimmed with narrow frills. Her companion wears a cinnamon-coloured Buster suit of Tricoline, with a cream shirt. For baby there are *matinée* coats of *crêpe de Chine*, hand-embroidered with rosebud posies, and dresses with bonnets to match. Playtime clothes have to be more sturdy, so tussore, linen, cotton, and artificial silk fabrics are also used for "Agatha" garments. They are sold at the leading shops, but should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, a postcard sent to 81, Mitchell Street, Glasgow, will bring the name and address of the nearest agent.

Country Rambles

THE countryside is never more beautiful than during the early days of summer. It is then that the joys of rambling make an irresistible appeal. Comfortable clothes make all the difference on such occasions. Shetland woollies are ideal, for they are very soft and warm and practically uncrushable. Sketched at the foot of this page is a grey three-piece which comes from the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Portman Square. It may also be obtained in fawn or moorit, and it is embroidered in gay colours. It costs 5½ guineas, the prices separately being 35*s.* for the sleeved jumper, 2 guineas for the cardigan, and 37*s.* 6*d.* for the ribbed skirt. Shetland tweed skirts cost 45*s.*, or this material may be bought for 10*s.* 6*d.* a yard single width.

Beauty Enhanced

SUNNY walls of soft primrose, over which large trails of painted flowers wander, a different sort in each charming cubicle, jade-coloured furniture, and artistically arranged lights—these are the things that greet one when one enters Arline's delightful salons at 6, Basil Street, Sloane Street, S.W. Here one is welcomed and given advice upon every aspect of beauty culture absolutely free of charge. Experts explain how defects may be overcome, and how the best may be made of naturally good points. The care of the hair and skin is thoroughly understood, and their health is promoted by the aid of the well-known Arline preparations, which are based upon scientific research and supply those things which are needed in just the correct proportions. Arline's "Gloria" Nourishing Skin Food feeds the skin and prevents wrinkles. The Bleaching Cream banishes sunburn and prevents discolorations. Her Oriental Cleansing Oil frees the pores from all impurities and makes the complexion radiantly fresh; while the Astringent Lotion tightens up the muscles and helps sensitive nerves.



This grey suit comes from the Shetland Industries, and is beautifully embroidered in coloured wools

Sketches by Beta

FURNITURE

SECONDHAND HIGH-CLASS MODERN ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL—FINE REPRODUCTIONS, GENUINE ANTIQUES AND WORKS OF ART, *BEING ONE OF THE FINEST COLLECTIONS EVER OFFERED.* Removed for convenience of sale from numerous West End Mansions, Villa at Nice, and various sources.

ON SALE DAILY, 9 till 7 (Thursdays close at 1 o'clock), at the Sale Galleries of the Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, Ltd., Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, N. Any item may be purchased separately, can remain warehoused free for 12 months, or delivered to any part. ANTIQUES FREE OF DUTY.

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GENUINE ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS, Tall Boy and shaped front Chests, corner washstands, with pewter and brass fittings, Wig stands, Toilet Mirrors, Sofas, Tables, etc.

SILK AND OTHER DRAPERIES and a quantity of Axminster pile carpets, some slightly soiled, being offered at 2s. 0d. per yard (could make up to required sizes).

THE DINING, RECEPTION ROOM, SMOKING LOUNGES, and LIBRARIES comprise a magnificent collection of Walnut, Mahogany, and Old Oak furniture in styles of Cromwellian, Queen Anne, Georgian and Early Victorian, **the small complete suites including Sets of Chairs, Sideboard, Table, etc., offered for 10 Guineas,** the more elaborate sets ranging up to 300 Guineas, many of these exquisite sets having cost over double the figure now asked to clear. Quantity of Cottage Wheel-back chairs at 5s.

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DRAWING ROOMS COMPRISE a large and choice selection of Settees and Lounge Easy Chairs with coverings of old French Aubusson Tapestry, Silk Velvet and Italian Genoa Velvet. One set in choicely carved and gilt frames being a replica of a set in the Chantilly Palace. **Several fine settees covered in Art Linen from 3 Guineas, with Lounge Easy Chairs to match from 35s.** In most cases quite unsoiled and worth treble the price quoted.

Several Axminster PILE CARPETS, scarcely soiled, from 3 GUINEAS; also several choice Real Persian, Turkey, and other Oriental makes of lovely design and colourings.

BABY GRAND PIANOFORTE. Exquisite tone, offered at 78 GUINEAS, and uprights from 10 Guineas.

CHIMING CLOCKS, Old English and other Table Glass, complete sets being offered from 55s. Canteens containing cutlery by Mappin and Webb and other well-known Makers from 4 GUINEAS.

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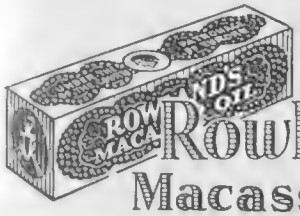

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MOTOR NOTES

AMONG THE ALSO RAN (Sometimes)

By E. M. WRIGHT

It is difficult not to grow romantic when writing of early cars. At first glance, it is true, they suggest anything but romance—these ugly, noisy monsters, which were once the last word in motor car design and production. It is not so much in themselves, however, but in what they represent that the romance lies. These are the pioneers of a yesterday which has hardly passed away. These ugly ducklings, so to speak, have grown into the fully fledged swans of to-day. It is in looking back that we discover their romantic interest. The motorist of those days had little occasion to regard his car with veneration. The interest the car had for him lay in (a) whether the brute would start, and (b) whether, when it had started, it could be trusted to behave till he reached his destination. And it is in looking back, in reading the history of motor car development, that we get in its true perspective a story of phenomenal progress—progress which has by no means yet ceased.

***

These, you will say, are platitudes; we all know how much the motor car has improved. But I wonder if we do. I have seen dozens of old crocks, and can still remember my delight in travelling in one when it was yet new and shiny from the makers. But, seeing them again—this time side by side with the modern vehicle—it came as a shock to me to realise how great was the change. Drawn up in front of the Alexandra Palace on April 27 were some forty cars of many makes and of every age, many having seen the light thirty, or more, years ago, while others were hardly more than a few months old. It was the "meet" of pioneer cars which, accompanied by modern cars of similar makes, were about to set out for the Used Motor Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall. I will not weary you with many details of some of these early cars. Some of the terms used will mean probably as little to you as they do to me. I cannot, however, refrain from mentioning one or two of the quainter ones.

One of the latest 15 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Sixes passing an old Maypole at Wadworth, Doncaster

***

One sprightly model, for instance, of 1897 vintage, boasted of tiller steering. There were, of course, numbers of dog-cart bodies, while the body of another was described as a "governess car." A few of the achievements are worthy of note. Thus an 1893 3½ h.p. Benz dog-cart led the Mafeking Day procession. Another, a two-cylinder 6 h.p. Daimler phaeton of 1896, is historic as being the car in which King Edward had his first motor drive. Yet another, a Rover two-seater (1903), once carried eighteen students down Fulham Road. I will believe anything as to the achievements of these wonderful early cars. I marvel, therefore, not so much that the Rover stood up to such a test, but rather that eighteen stu-

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Disapprove of their methods if you like, but grant the Buccaneers their courage and their skill, as they won the British Empire. . . .

And grant to British Engineers an equal courage, a greater skill, and a better method, as they consolidate the British Empire. . . .

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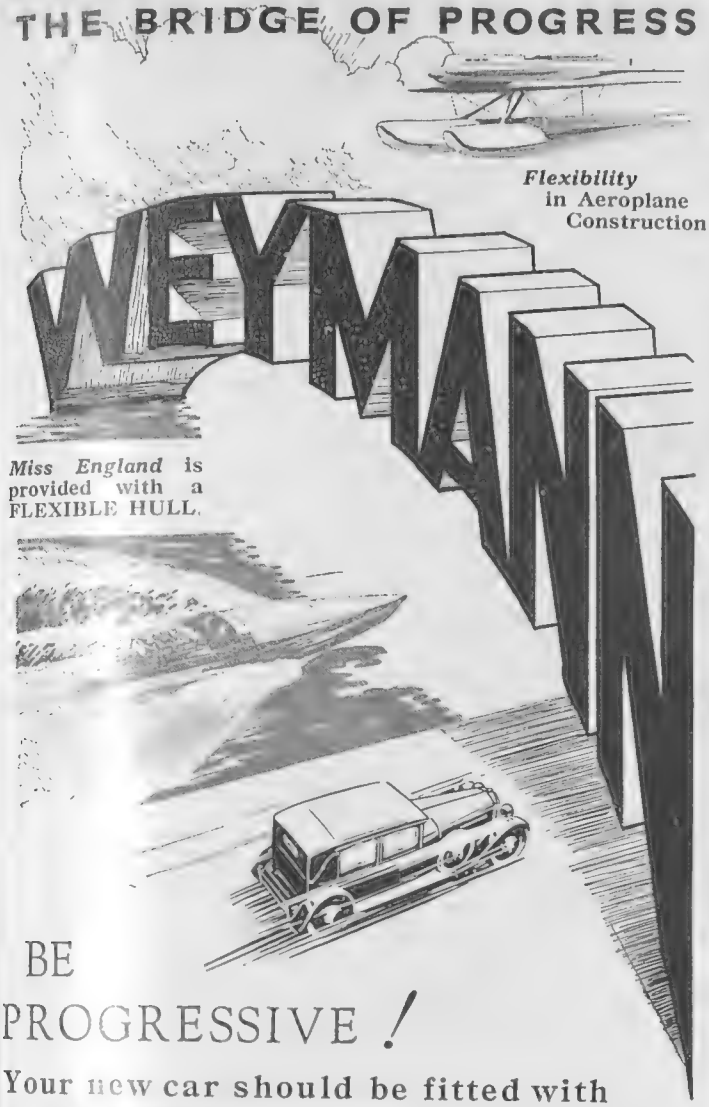
LAGONDA

THE BRIDGE OF PROGRESS



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BE PROGRESSIVE !

Your new car should be fitted with a WEYMANN BODY to ensure

REDUCED RUNNING COSTS SILENT SPEED DISTINGUISHED DESIGN

The secret of Weymann Success lies under the fabric. Do not be deceived by superficial imitations.

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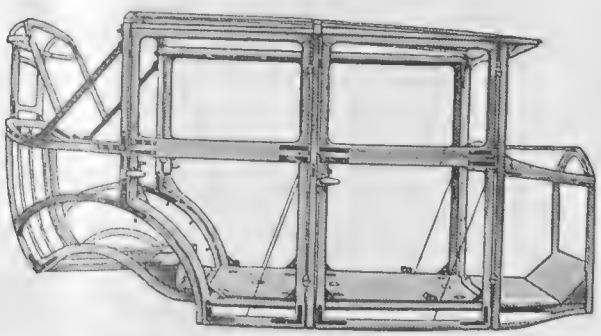
Look for this plate on every genuine Weymann Body.



Weymann Flexible Structure

WEYMANN'S MOTOR BODIES (1925) LTD
47 PALL MALL S.W. WORKS ADDLESTONE SURREY.

Britain's Air, Land and Sea Triumphs!

The Napier aero engine has given Great Britain pre-eminence in the air, on land and sea

¶ FIRST NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO INDIA 4,130 MILES

Squadron-Leader A. G. Jones-Williams, M.C., and Flight-Lieut. N. H. Jenkins, O.B.E., D.F.C., D.S.M., made the first non-stop flight from England to India when they landed at Karachi on April 26th after flying for 50 hrs. 38 mins. without alighting, covering 4,130 miles. The machine was a Fairey monoplane with Napier engine.

¶ SPEED IN AIR

The highest speed ever accomplished in the air was achieved by Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig, D.F.C., A.F.C., in November last, when he covered three kilometres at the marvellous average speed of 319.5 m.p.h. He flew a Supermarine seaplane with Napier engine. This same machine and engine, piloted by Flight-Lieut. S. N. Webster, A.F.C., won the Schneider Trophy at Venice in September 1927 at an average speed over 200 miles of 281.669 m.p.h.

¶ SPEED ON LAND

The highest speed ever attained on land was made by Major Sir Henry Segrave when he drove his Irving-Napier car over 1 mile at the amazing speed of 231.36 m.p.h.

Capt. Malcolm Campbell set up world's land speed records at Verneuk Pan with his Napier-Arrol-Aster as follows :—over 5 miles, speed 211 m.p.h. ; over 5 kilometres, speed 216.53 m.p.h. They both used a Napier engine.

¶ SPEED ON SEA

The world's motor-boat speed championship was won at Miami by Major Sir Henry Segrave, driving Sir Charles Wakefield's Napier-engined "Miss England."

¶ GREATEST RELIABILITY FLIGHT

The greatest formation flight ever attempted was successfully accomplished in 1928 with Napier engines. Four Supermarine "Southampton" flying boats, each fitted with 2 Napier engines, flew from England to Australia and back to Singapore, covering 180,800 engine miles, without mechanical trouble.

NAPIER

The finest aero engine in the World

D. NAPIER & SON LTD.
ACTON, LONDON, W.3 AND REDUCED

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page iv)

The new Superior 15/40 Whippet Saloon produced by Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd. It represents unprecedented value at £198

dents were ever able to fit themselves into so small a car as that Rover.

***

In its way, perhaps, the most remarkable car of all was the twenty-nine-year-old single-cylinder 4½ h.p. Benz "Ideal" (ideals have changed), which is still fitted with the original sparking plugs and rear tyres. Side by side they stood, these cars of the old brigade, with their great-great-grandchildren of to-day. But let us not trouble the Shades of the pioneer makers by too pointed comparison. Enough that here were the first and the last word of motor car design.

Mr. Kaye Don accomplished recently the highest lap speed ever attained at Brooklands, 132.46 m.p.h., on the same 4-litre, 12-cylinder, supercharged Sunbeam car on which he created the previous lap record of 131.76 m.p.h. last year. This famous red Sunbeam, known to all Brooklands enthusiasts under its name of "Tiger," has been consistently successful in extreme lap speeds. On Easter Monday, owing to the gale that was blowing and the consequent difficulty of controlling the car at over 130 m.p.h., Kaye Don failed on his first attempt to break his own lap record by about 2 seconds. It was in the course of the subsequent Lightning Long Handicap that, driving from scratch, he covered the last circuit in the astonishing time of 75⅕ seconds, and thus set up the new record.

***

The new Piccadilly Circus Garage—the entrance to which is in Denman Street, less than 200 yards from the centre of the Circus—is a remarkable example of what up-to-date ideas and equipment can crowd into a comparatively small space, and it is just the thing needed in the centre of London. Entering by the ground floor, there is a road to the basement and another to the first floor, while two fast operating electric lifts serve the top floors, and a car can be shunted from top to bottom of the building in 30 seconds. Central heating is fitted throughout, and there is a suction plant on each floor to draw off the fumes and exhaust gases. Tickets are given out from an automatic machine, which registers the date and time the car enters. From 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. on weekdays, and from

(*Continued on page vii*)

THIS WEEK'S HINT

DON'T REV A COLD ENGINE

One of the most dangerous mistakes a beginner can make is to "rev" up the engine within the first few minutes of starting up from cold. Until the oil is thin enough to circulate many important bearings and other surfaces in rubbing contact are liable to be starved of lubricant. Putting it in another way, the oil that is present on these surfaces is only just sufficient to last for the first few turns of the crankshaft. More oil cannot be supplied in sufficient quantities to stand up to premature "revving" because the oil in the sump is too thick to be dealt with quickly by the oil pump. Until it has been sufficiently thinned out by warmth, it refuses to be hustled. This is another reason why owner-drivers should use the thinnest oil recommended by the makers. Apart from making the engine stiff to start, an unduly thick oil will take very much longer to circulate and there is serious danger of seizing the engine if it is put to work before the oil is circulating properly. When choosing engine oil, remember that thickness-when-cold does not mean goodness. The ideal oil is one of the pure mineral variety.

The All-British

Standard

sets a new standard

Are you ready for the sunshine? Have you a car which at the command of the thumb and forefinger, and without stopping, transforms itself from a cosy and roomy saloon to an open tourer—shutting out the showers, welcoming the sun? The Standard Fifteen has leapt into popularity—4 speed gear box, underslung worm rear axle, 6-cylinder side valve engine with seven bearing crankshaft. Flashing acceleration with velvet smoothness—better top gear performance than any car of its type—that is your Standard Fifteen.

Write for full information and interesting literature—

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO., LTD.,

Canley Works, Coventry.

London: Special Distributing Agents

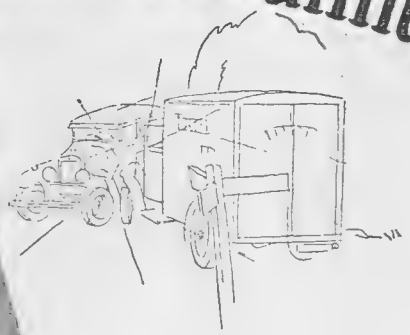
Car Mart Garage Ltd

Balderton St., Oxford St., W.1

The 15 H.P. 6-Cylinder "Exmouth." Sliding Roof £325

Standard Nine Saloons from £185

A nasty smash... ..but the driver of the car was unhurt!



This car only just avoided a head-on collision with a lorry. Very severe damage was done—as the photo eloquently testifies. But the car's driver escaped serious injury—he was immune from flying, blinding glass, for the car was TRIPLEX fitted.

Fit "TripleX" Regd. -and be safe!

Make sure it's Triplex: look for the 3 X's in a circle. This Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Glass.

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W1

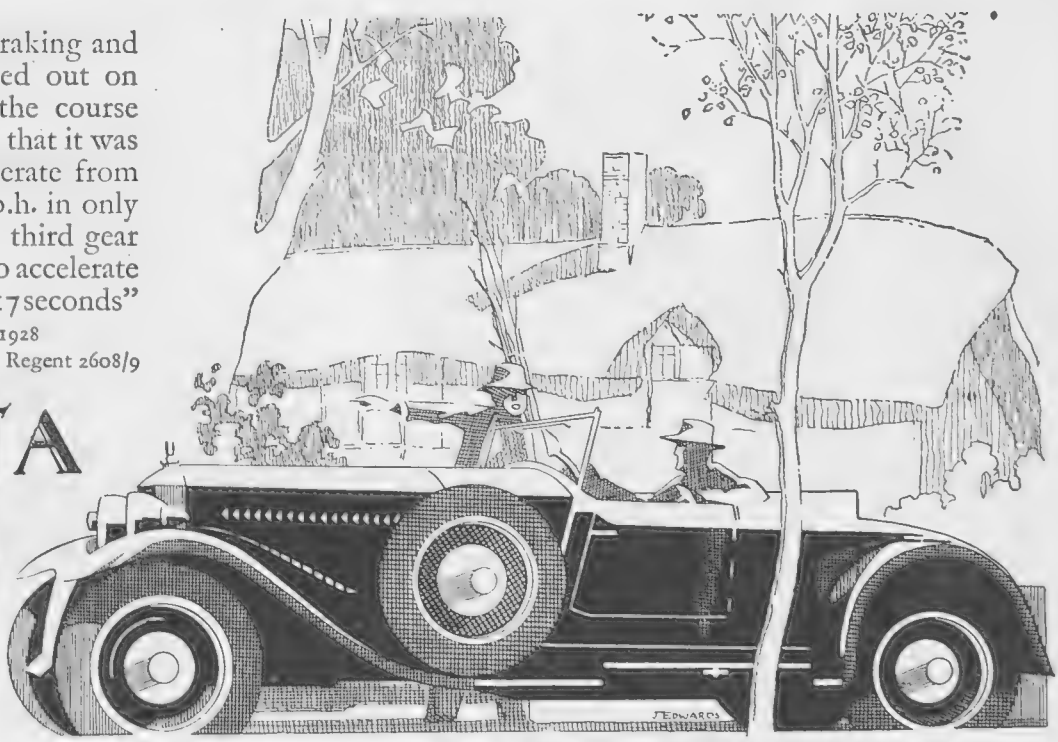
THE CAR WITH THE MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE IN THE WORLD

The 4½-litre Invicta ". . . . braking and acceleration tests were carried out on Brooklands track, and, in the course of these tests, we discovered that it was not only possible to accelerate from 10 m.p.h. to close on 90 m.p.h. in only half a minute, but that when third gear was engaged it was possible to accelerate from 10 m.p.h. to 70 m.p.h. in 17 seconds"

The "Motor" 18th September, 1928

Trial runs by appointment. Tel. Nos. Regent 2608/9

INVICTA CARS



Cadogan Coachwork

INVICTA CARS SALES CO 11 ALBEMARLE ST LONDON W1 *Phone Regent 2608/9*

MOTOR NOTES (*continued from page vi*)

8 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays a car may be left for a short stay of up to an hour for the small charge of 1*s*. In addition to a waiting room, there are ladies' and gentlemen's changing rooms, including bathroom. I am sure the venture deserves every good wish for its success.

***

LICENSING figures show beyond any doubt that the small-engined car is easily the most popular type in Britain. Nevertheless, it would obviously be a mistaken policy on the part of the British industry to devote all its energies to the construction of a type of vehicle that has but limited scope outside these islands. The presence of so many full-sized American cars upon British roads serve to remind us that, useful as the small car is, it does not fit all requirements, and that there is ample room for the moderate-priced luxury car of English manufacture. I am reminded of this by the recent price reductions of the 20-65 h.p. six-cylinder Humber, which have brought it into this category. The seven-seater landaulette or limousine, for instance, is now £875, the five-seater saloon £750, the "dual-purpose" model—an open tourer with the well-known Humber type of wind-up windows—is £610, while the chassis has been reduced by no less than £70 to £500. This car is big enough to accommodate a chauffeur, yet is not too large to be looked after by the owner-driver if the necessity should arise. It carries very roomy coach-work, and the comfort that comes of being able to design the car without cutting down weight unduly is a factor that is appreciated on long journeys when smoothness and comfort count for so much.

Capt. Irving, the designer of the famous Golden Arrow, beside his new car. It is a 16/50 h.p. six-cylinder Humber Sports Coupé

WE shall soon be at the period of the year when the roads get more crowded and there will be the usual talk of accident possibilities. The majority of such gossip is, of course, very greatly exaggerated, as the danger of motoring to-day is little, if any, more than the danger of railway travel or walking. Nevertheless, the public are beginning to like cars with "safety" characteristics, such as unsplinterable glass, bumpers, double windscreen wiper, and fog lamp, etc., and it is interesting to note that popular cars like the Citroën are now available as "safety" models with the above features. Other special "safety" characteristics which apply to this car are its low centre of gravity, all-steel body, and vacuum servo four wheel brakes.

***

WHILE the records for the highest speeds in the air, on land and on sea, are shared by various vehicles and pilots, it is rather a remarkable fact that they are all held by one engine. This is, of course, the Napier "Lion," which is of British design and construction throughout, and was used by Flight-Lieut. Greig in his air record of 319 m.p.h. last November, and by Segrave in both car and boat.

***

THE assembling and most of the machining of Segrave's Golden Arrow was, as everyone should know, done at the works of K.L.G. Sparking Plugs, Ltd., Putney Vale. Needless to say, K.L.G. sparking plugs were used in the attempt, and the makers were amongst the first to receive a wire from Daytona in these words: "Needless to say, K.L.G. plugs gave their usual unfailing satisfaction in Golden Arrow to-day.—Segrave."

E. M. W.

HAND FRAMED SWEATERS

SINGLE SWEATERS
of all descriptions made to order in white or colours, plain or trimmed, V neck, roll or polo collar, with or without sleeves.

TRIMMED SWEATER
(*as illustrated*)
in plain, cable, or other fancy stitches. Best quality, medium weight.
38/6

Also made in special light weights for Summer.
In Cable stitch **34/6**

In plain, basket, diamond and other fancy stitches, **28/6, 32/6.**
Spencer weight, **22/6**

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University, School, Regimental and Club Colours in Ties, Squares, Scarves, etc.

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CHAMPAGNE

DRY IMPERIAL *VINTAGE 1919*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY.

Messrs. Moët & Chandon are the owners of the largest acreage of vineyards in the Champagne District and are the biggest distributors of that Wine in the World. They export to this Country a greater quantity of Champagne than any other house.
The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

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LONDON DISTRIBUTORS HENLYS LTD HENLY HOUSE EUSTON ROAD

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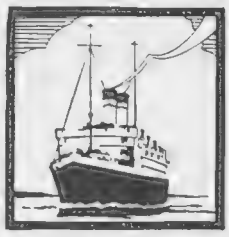
SILVER EAGLE

A&A



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Its irresistible charm will envelop you. Kiss the Blarney Stone and visit Killarney and its famous lakes. Travel through the "Garden of Ireland" and Connemara. You will bless the inspiration that sent you to that country for your holidays.

Moderate "All-in" Hotel Charges

Circular Tour Tickets from Euston or Paddington, embracing Cork, Killarney, Connemara and Wicklow, give tourists the choice of alternative routes, and there is also a wide selection of cheap local Tours.

Illustrated Guides and travel information free from London Midland and Scottish Railway, Euston; Great Western Railway, Paddington; Great Southern Railways, Kingsbridge, Dublin (who will also supply particulars of local tours and cheap rates for motors accompanying passengers).

Convenient Routes:
FISHGUARD TO ROSSLARE
HOLYHEAD TO KINGSTOWN
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WAKEFIELD RECOMMENDATION SERIES *No. 8.* *Watch for your Car!*

The Manufacturers of

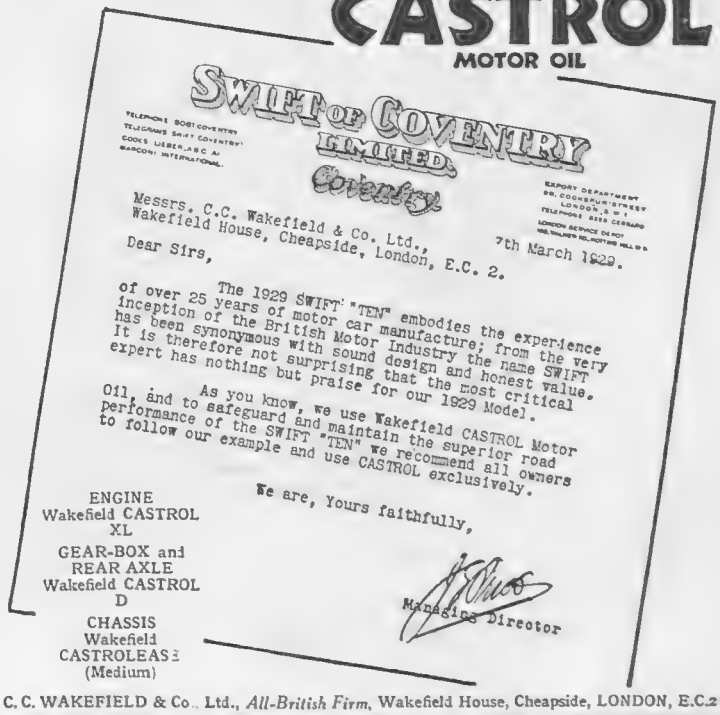
SWIFT CARS

USE *exclusively* and RECOMMEND

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

MOTOR OIL



SWIFT OF COVENTRY LIMITED. Coventry

Messrs. C.C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.

7th March 1929.

Dear Sirs,

The 1929 SWIFT "TEN" embodies the experience of over 25 years of motor car manufacture; from the very inception of the British Motor Industry the name SWIFT has been synonymous with sound design and honest value. It is therefore not surprising that the most critical expert has nothing but praise for our 1929 Model.

As you know, we use Wakefield CASTROL Motor Oil, and to safeguard and maintain the superior road performance of the SWIFT "TEN" we recommend all owners to follow our example and use CASTROL exclusively.

We are, Yours faithfully,

Managing Director

ENGINE
Wakefield CASTROL XL

GEAR-BOX and REAR AXLE
Wakefield CASTROL D

CHASSIS
Wakefield CASTROLEASE (Medium)

C. C. WAKEFIELD & Co. Ltd., *All-British Firm*, Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2

Luncheon

GRAPE FRUIT.

KIDNEY OMELETTE.

VEAL GOULASCH
OR
CHICKEN CREAMS.

NEW POTATOES. SPINACH.

FLAN OF ORANGES.

CAFÉ.

THE GOURMET

Conducted by EMILIA

Kidney Omelettte

BREAK five eggs into a basin and beat well. Skin two small sheep's kidneys and slice them finely. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette pan; when hot put in one small minced onion or shallot; fry a few seconds, then put in the kidneys; toss them over the fire for five minutes. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle over a teaspoonful of flour, moisten with a little gravy, and keep hot. Melt another ounce of butter in the omelette pan, stir one tablespoonful of milk into the egg mixture, pour it in, and make the omelette in the usual way. When ready to fold, put the kidney in the centre, fold in and shape; let it colour a little, turn out on to a hot dish, and pour some gravy. Serve at once.

Veal Goulasch

TAKE about 1 lb. of veal (fillet is best), remove all skin, and cut into thin slices, then into dice. Peel and thinly slice a large onion, and fry it in a pan with an ounce of butter until of a pale brown colour. Put in the meat, season with salt and pepper, and cook for a few minutes. Dredge the meat with about a tablespoonful of flour. Mix well and moisten with a gill of stock and a glass of claret or white wine. Cover the pan and cook slowly for about an hour. Have ready two or three potatoes peeled and cut into cubes. Add these when the meat is half done. Dish up and serve very hot.

Chicken Creams

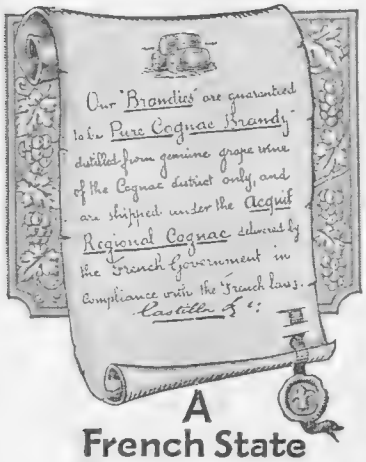
SCRAPE the meat of a fowl according to the quantity required, make bread panada, pound all well together, pass through an iron sieve. When well worked together add the yolks of two eggs and some cream, season with salt and pepper. Take small moulds in the form of little chickens; butter these and steam for half an hour. Serve with a good cream sauce. The ends of the legs in the small moulds can have a little stick of white almond projecting to form the leg. Bottled green peas can be used for garnish. If preferred in one large mould let it be flat on the top, and garnish with truffles in design.

M. V. GIOLITTO

Who is so well known to visitors to the Piccadilly Hotel. M. Giolitto is the Restaurant Manager there and watches over the gastronomic welfare of the diners with unflagging zeal

Flan of Oranges

TAKE two large oranges, weigh them, boil them in water for half an hour. Put the juice and pulp of the fruit in a basin with double their weight of sugar and a piece of fresh butter the size of a walnut. Line a very shallow dish with puff paste. Put in the mixture, and cover the top with whites of eggs beaten to a froth with castor sugar. Bake and serve.



A French State Decree is the CASTILLON COGNAC guarantee

CASTILLON is a true Cognac—distilled from the wines of the Charentes. The French State Decree is a guarantee that when the word COGNAC appears upon the label you obtain good Brandy

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CASTILLON COGNAC BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

It has that rare richness and subtle flavour which connoisseurs praise. Always keep a bottle handy for hospitality and health.

If any difficulty in obtaining please write to—
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Going to **BAD-NAUHEIM**
Means going to **JESCHKE'S**
GRAND HOTEL
One of the Most Famous Hotels in Europe.
IN THE CENTRE OF CURE LIFE—
YET EXCLUSIVELY PRIVATE.
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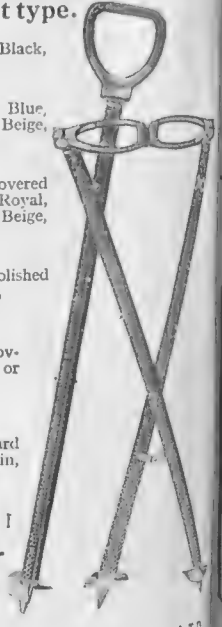
The patent twin supports make this seat-stick twice as secure—and therefore twice as restful—as the single point type.



No. 911. All Black, 21/–

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From your usual dealer.

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IS *YOUR* BABY IN THE CHARMED CIRCLE ?

...bies fed on Cow & Gate are protected from the ...ngers usually associated with artificial foods, because its unvarying equivalence to Breast Milk.

Some ...babies cannot ...digest very ri... milk; they ...ld be put on ...modified C... & Gate half ...ream (BLUE ... TIN).

Babies Love it!

Cow & Gate Milk Food, specially prepared for Export is obtainable in most parts of the World. Names and addresses of agents on application.

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57 GOLD, SILVER & BRONZE MEDALS.
Of all Chemists, 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 Per Tin.
COW & GATE, LTD., GUILDFORD, SURREY
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BANTAM WEIGHT

This Shoe gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Ideal for the Dinner, the Dance, the Theatre, Stage Wear and the Thé Dansant.

Stocked in BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER - - - **32/6**
Postage 6d.

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(Next to the Monico.)
And on sale at all Abbotts' Shops.

Made in five sizes to suit persons of different heights.

From £1 : 17 : 6
according to length of seat.

Larger Sizes,
47/6, 57/6,
62/6, 72/6.

Carriage paid in England and Wales.

With warmer days there will be spells of lounging out-of-doors. The Minty may be carried wherever desired.

THE FAMOUS MINTY CHAIR

In outward appearance, the Minty is noble and homely. In inward experience, soft-fitting and cosy. The Easy Chair "for keeps."

Write for Catalogue of the Minty Oxford "Varsity" Chairs and Patterns of Coverings.

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4 oz. can 1s. 3d.

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A Talcum Powder worthy of bearing a name that has become famous all over the world for sustained quality and purity for fifty years. You will be delighted with its fragrant, medicated efficiency as a cooling, soothing addition to your toilet, and as a sanative, antiseptic, deodorizing protection to your skin.

An Ideal After-Shaving Powder.

Sample free on request. Address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1. Cuticura Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Railway Improvements

Notable improvements in the passenger service between Paris and the Cote d'Argent, the Basque country, the Pyrenees, Spain, Portugal, and Morocco have been carried out by the Paris-Orleans and Midi Railways of France in co-operation with the Sleeping Car Company. The famous Sud Express is accelerated by 40 minutes on its journey from Paris to Lisbon via Biarritz and Madrid, and by 1 hour 35 minutes on the Lisbon to Paris journey via the same route. Trains now leave Paris for Lisbon at 10.40 a.m. and reach Lisbon at 6.30 p.m. on the following day, whilst the trains from Lisbon leave at noon and reach Paris at 8 p.m. on the following evening. The famous Pyrenees—Cote d'Argent Express, whose speed has also been increased, is fitted with new all-metal coaches consisting of luxuriously equipped single coaches, and on May 15 a new "de luxe" express, the Barcelona Express, will be inaugurated to carry passengers to the Spanish Exhibition. The train will consist entirely of blue sleeping cars.

William Crowther, who has tramped the length of Great Britain. He carried the sandwich board advertising Rolls Razor on all his journeys

Idris, Ltd.

The well-known mineral water company, Messrs. Idris, have recently appointed an additional director to the board of the company. This gentleman is Mr. A. J. Ward, who has been one of their representatives for over twenty-five years, and was for many years one of their sales managers. Mr. Ward's many friends will hasten to congratulate him on his new appointment.

For Sport Lovers

No lover of summer sports can afford to miss that invaluable book, *Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanack*, which is on sale again this year. Among many interesting features are articles by the Editor, A. Wallis Meyers, on "National Traits in Lawn Tennis," by Marcel Daninos on "How France Became the World's Champion," by Harley Malcolm on "The Australian Ladies' Tour," and by H. S. Scrivener on "The Use and Abuse of Handicap Play." In addition there are detailed reports of all the big international matches of the past year and the scores of all the leading Open tournaments in Great Britain. The *Almanack*, which costs only 2*s*. 6*d*., is one which every lover of the game should possess.

The delightful interior of one of the rooms of a house at Woking. It was decorated by Messrs. Gaze, of High Street, Kingston-on-Thames

The Best Roads

For the convenience of motorists, the Automobile Association has published the "A.A. Throughway Map of London and of the Home Counties." The map is double-sided; the "Throughway Map of London," which is printed in five colours, gives recommended entrances and exits and ways across the Metropolis; new roads and those under construction, landmarks, golf courses, and all necessary street names. On the reverse side the "Home Counties" map, in colours, covers the whole of the area from Cambridge to Brighton, and Ramsgate to Southampton. The roads are in three grades, with emphasis on the A.A. "Throughways" The map is coloured to show gradation of altitude. This double-purpose map is printed on an indestructible fabric, and the price (to A.A. members) is 3*s*. 6*d*. Copies may be obtained at all A.A. offices.

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CONTREXÉVILLE

PAVILLON SPRING : Natural Mineral Water

Recommended in cases of Gout, Gravel and Arthritis.

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QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the sea
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BATHROOM-BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
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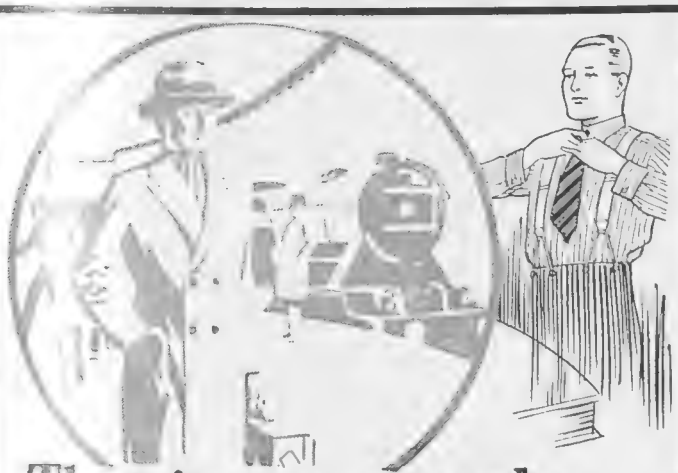

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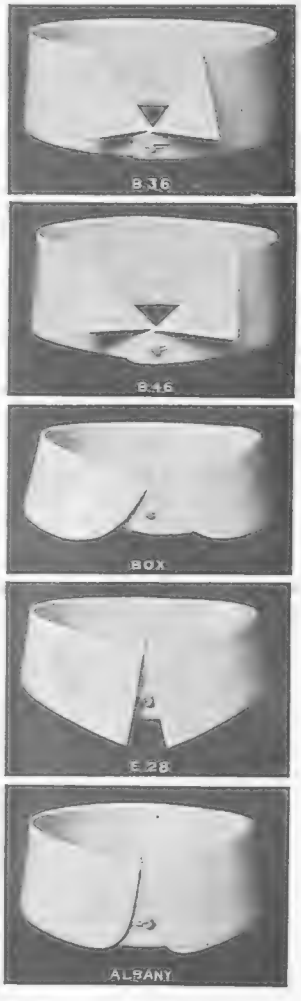

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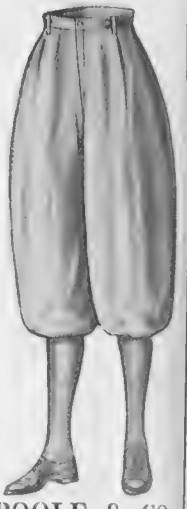

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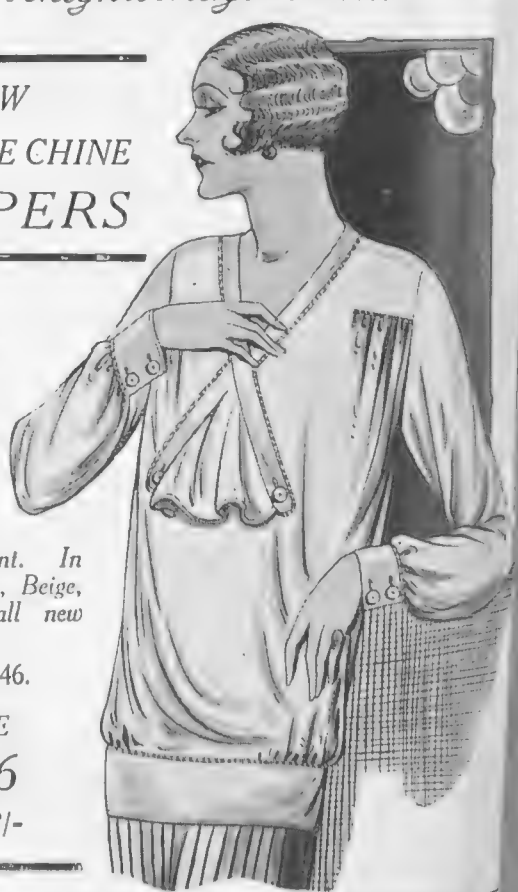
CRÊPE DE CHINE
JUMPERS



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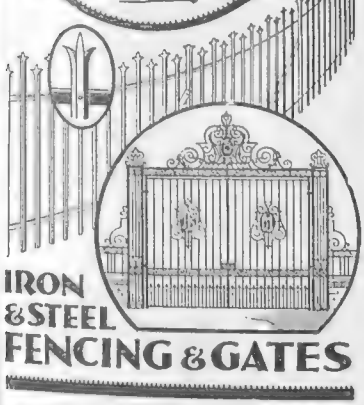

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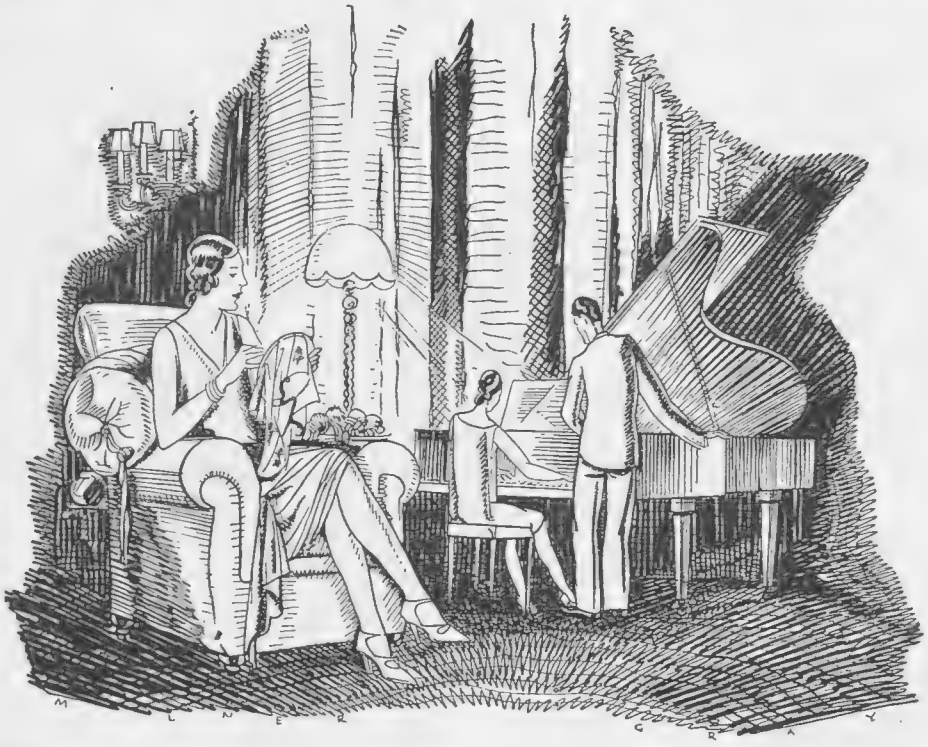
For your quiet evenings



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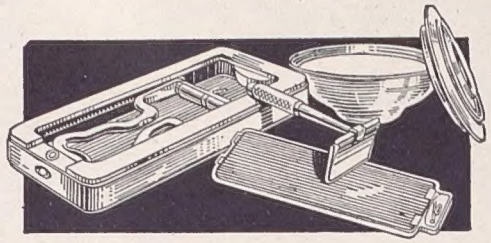

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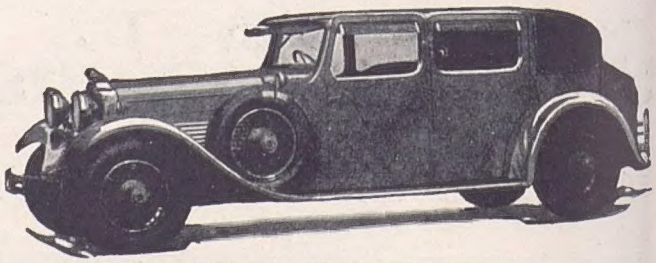

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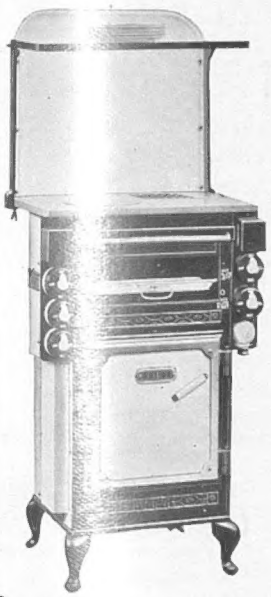

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"IT ONLY SHOWS HOW CAREFUL ONE MUST BE!"

Sir Charles : You seemed highly amused over your conversation with Bobby this afternoon ; anything private ?

Sir Edward : Not at all. He was telling me of an extraordinary betting experience he and the Baron had. No doubt he knew such matters always interest me.

Sir Charles : What was it all about ?

Sir Edward : It appears that, although they were going for a trip round the world, they wanted to retain some interest in racing, and enjoy the excitement of a little flutter.

Sir Charles : How did they manage it ?

Sir Edward : They were both great pals of Derbyshire, who, as you know, owns a large string. He promised to put a " pony " each way for them on anything he fancied.

Sir Charles : I suppose I am a bit dense. I still don't see the joke.

Sir Edward : No, but you will. They made the necessary arrangements with their respective Agents for Derbyshire to wire on their behalf and to settle on their return. Both Agents advertise the same facilities, and the joke arises out of the difference in the accounts they received.

Sir Charles : How could there possibly be any difference ?

Sir Edward : There was, very much so. Bobby received a cheque with his account, whilst the Baron's was accompanied by a claim for some hundreds of pounds.

Sir Charles : Some mistake, surely.

Sir Edward : No, merely a difference in rules. The Baron's Agent advertised place betting when the favourite started " odds on," but stipulated in his rules that the odds in such races were limited to 3 to 1. His announcements also led me to believe that he had No Limit on doubles, but his rules stated that in order to take advantage of this, your commission had to be in his office by 12 noon, otherwise he limited the double event odds to 66 to 1.

Sir Charles : Preposterous !

Sir Edward : Yes, there were others too ; in fact, although his agent flamboyantly advertised all the concessions Bobby's Bookie did, they were all camouflaged by tricky restrictions. Hence the difference in the settlement.

Sir Charles : By Jove ! It only shows how careful one must be. What's the name of Bobby's man ?

Sir Edward : Why, Duggie, of course ; for a punter who bets to any extent he's the only possible man. Whatever he advertises he carries out without any subterfuges. That's why *I'm always so enthusiastic about him.*

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to 'Duggie' now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

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